3-11-47

new masses

THE A B C OF THE TEACHERS' FIGHT

## NEXT STEPS IN NEW YORK CITY

by NORMAN COLE

## DEWEY'S DOUBLETALK

by the EDITORS

## WHAT I SAW IN BUFFALO

by JOHN STUART

MARCH 11, 1947 Vol. LXII, No. 11 • 15c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "Their mission to think..."

I GUESS this letter marks a turning point of some sort in my life. I suppose the whole thing started last fall when I entered college (I'm a Freshman at Barnard) and I met a girl who turned out to be a Communist. I'll admit since I'd never actually seen a Communist before in my life I couldn't imagine any sane person being serious about such a thing. But then I met some more of these "dangerous Reds" and we sat up many nights in one dorm room or another thrashing things out and the fact is I began to think for the first time in my life. And then last Christmas she gave me a sub to NM and this letter is the result of reading about six issues.

The way I feel now is that I can't understand how anyone can read those wonderful Greek guerrilla poems (in the March 4 issue) without bursting with rage that such people have to fight all over again for their freedom. Why doesn't every decent person in the world get up and shout on street-corners and at Congress and the State Department and the British embassy until they are forced to let Greece alone? Maybe I'm naive but I hope I never get so old that I take such things for granted. My father thinks I'm just young and idealistic and that when I get out of college I'll adjust myself to the way the world really is. But I do not think I'll ever become cynical because I think cynical people are only half alive.

The reason I'm sitting here at one o'clock tonight writing you this long (and much too autobiographical) letter which you will probably just smile at indulgently is that I want to tell you that I think NM is a wonderful magazine because it is an *angry* magazine and it is not philosophical about international murder, arson and robbery but fights for the Greek guerrillas and their counterparts everywhere such as Eisler. I do not think it is just up to a Greek or Chinese or German anti-fascist to fight but it is up to me as a student too. I agree with Claude Morgan who says in his Paris Letter, "Intellectuals are even more responsible than the others *because it is their mission to think.* And the more talent they have the more responsible they are."

Lately I've begun to feel that a lot of my college education is a waste of time, except after classes when I talk and read things that aren't assigned. I wish NM would run some articles on what is wrong with what we are taught in college. I know that NM is more necessary to me than any textbook so I'm sending you $10 to help keep going. I wish it could be more but I am on a scholarship. ANN B.
New York.

*There's nothing to add to such a letter. Except that we will have the articles she asks for, and more on colleges and students besides.*

*$4,422.30 has come in so far at the end of the first month of our drive to raise a minimum of $40,000 within four months. That's not good: it's less than half of the amount we should have raised in the first month. But we have a slight ray of hope in that the number of readers heard from last week took an upward turn: 407 have responded by now as against only 276 by last week. But 407 is still only a small fraction of our readers and the job cannot be done unless you all pitch in. We know you will—but do it now!*

---

**To NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.**

**$ . . . . . is enclosed as my initial contribution.**

**IN ADDITION, I want to pledge $ . . . . . so that NEW MASSES can fully cover its planned budget. (Please indicate the date or dates of your pledged donations.)**

**PLEDGE DATE(S)** . . . . . .

**NAME** . . . . . **ADDRESS** . . . . . .

**CITY** . . . . . **ZONE** . . . . . **STATE** . . . . . .

Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LXII, No. 11. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright, 1947, THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. 

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***Maybe it hasn't happened in your town—yet. But it did in Pittsfield. Here's a challenge to you.***

**By LLOYD L. BROWN**

YOU'RE just another guy named Joe—Joe Smith, let's say. You're downtown on a Saturday afternoon—and, from the number of cars angled into the curb on Main Street, it looks like everybody else is here too. Mary has taken the kids to see Gene Autry at the Rialto. The barbershop is jammed; you'll drop back later. The Post headquarters is deserted — the boys won't come in till later to argue whose outfit was the most snafu and how Billy Herman will do with the Pirates now that Greenberg's signed. You stopped by the Local, but nothing doing there either.

So you guess you'll stop in at the library down at the corner of Elm. Miss Thorpe just smiles from behind the potted plants on her counter when you give her the old "Got anything to read?" You know that the latest best-seller will be out, but you ask her anyway. It's out. Then you go over to the magazine rack.

Only one old gent there before you. But he's reading *National Grange Monthly*. You look over the green-bound publications in the rack: *The Lutheran, Consumers' Guide, The National Legionnaire, Colliers, Christian Advocate, General Electric News, The Christian Science Journal, Commonweal, Rosicrucian Digest, Saturday Review of Literature*. Maybe it's the one on the end, turned the wrong way in the slot. No—*Capper's Weekly*.

You go back across the room to ask Miss Thorpe where is NEW MASSES. They said there would be an article by Dyson Carter on cancer in this issue. That last one of his on germ warfare was a corker.

Miss Thorpe doesn't smile this time. She reaches for the pencil stuck in her piled-up gray hair, taps it on the polished oak railing, and then pokes it back again. "I'm sorry, Mr. Smith, but we don't have that magazine any more. But the *Nation* will be in tomorrow . . ."

How come—your subscription run out?

"No, not exactly, Mr. Smith. That is, no it didn't." Miss Thorpe seems kind of embarrassed.

Well, what's the matter then?

"It's—well, it is rather unusual and we'd rather it didn't start a fuss. Times being like they are, and all. Of course, personally, I . . ."

"I don't get it, Miss Thorpe," you say. "What's all the mystery?"

Miss Thorpe reaches for her pencil again, frowns and says, "I knew this was bound to happen. Just like I told the Board . . ." Then she looks at you and says, "It's no mystery, it's Rev. Williams."

Your face shows your bewilderment.

"Father Williams, of St. Agnes'," she explains, as if you were a stranger in town.

"He was in last week and saw a copy of NEW MASSES," she goes on. "He was very angry and said we had no business having *that* kind of a magazine in here. I tried to explain that it was a gift subscription like most of those"—pointing to the rack—"and that people came in to read it and that if they wanted to read it why that was their business. After all this is a public library and it's a free country."

You can see that Miss Thorpe must have been mad, too.

"But Father Williams couldn't see it that way. And the Library Board couldn't convince him either. I'm sorry, Mr. Smith."

Your town library won't have NEW MASSES any more because the priest



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said so. You walk out the door—thinking. . . .

BUT your name isn't Joe Smith, and your wife's name is Mildred, and nothing like this ever happened. So what?

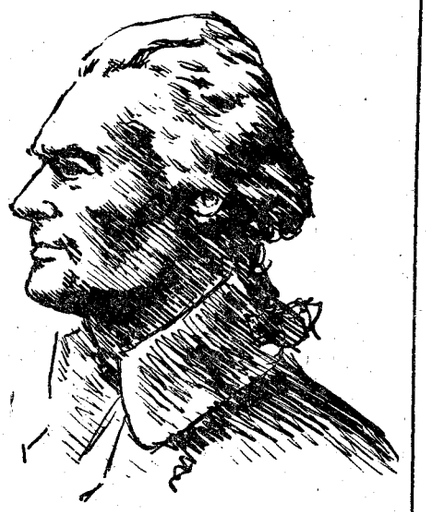
Well, maybe it hasn't happened in your town—yet. Nor in all the 374 American libraries which subscribe to NEW MASSES. But look what did happen in Pittsfield, Mass., USA. Last month.

The priest is Rev. Eugene F. Marshall, D.D., pastor of St. Mary, the Morning Star Church. The library is the Berkshire Athenaeum. Several weeks ago Rev. Marshall called up the librarian, Robert G. Newman, and demanded that NEW MASSES be removed from the magazine rack. He declared that NEW MASSES is un-American and not good reading for children—and that if it were not removed by the following Sunday he would order his parishioners to boycott the library. And the children in the parochial school would be forbidden to go to the library. NEW MASSES was removed.

But the story didn't end there. About a week later an account of what happened appeared in Pittsfield's paper, the *Berkshire County Eagle*. Some of the townspeople had learned about Father Marshall's action and had written letters of protest to the librarian and to the paper. According to Rev. Marshall these were "Commies and fellow-travelers who were peeved." But judging from the letters to the editor which were published in the *Eagle*, there were many in opposition to the priest's action who do not sympathize with NEW MASSES or communism. One letter-writer, Kingsley R. Fall, who voiced strong objections to this magazine's policies, declared that its intrinsic character was "beside the point." Referring to Father Marshall's "ultimatum" to the library he said, "I do deny his right to threaten a public institution with a boycott if it does not discontinue a practice guaranteed in the Bill of Rights."

After his action became public knowledge—and an issue for public debate—Rev. Marshall felt obliged to do something about it. And openly, this time. On the first Sunday in February he mounted his pulpit and preached his sermon, an indictment of NEW MASSES, its readers and his local critics.

## *"Is a priest to be our inquisitor?"*



I AM really mortified to be told that, in the United States of America, a fact like this can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry too, as an offense against religion; that a question about the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate. Is this then our freedom of religion? And are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold, and what we may buy? And who is thus to dogmatize religious opinion for our citizens? Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched? Is a priest to be our inquisitor, or shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read, and what we must believe?

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

(*From a letter to M. N. G. Dufief, April* 19, 1814.)

In that sermon, which was published next day in the paper, Father Marshall showed as little regard for the commandment against "bearing false witness" as he had for the Constitution and freedom of the press. His main charge against NEW MASSES was that it is "the official paper of the Communist Party, the avowed object of which is to overthrow the government of the United States by force."

Another thing wrong with NEW MASSES—another reason why it should be banned—was its name. "I might add," he declared, "that the name of the paper was an added pitfall for the Catholic child. For every Catholic has a real reverence for the holy sacrifice of the mass. A paper called NEW MASSES would naturally attract them, for they would spontaneously think that it was concerned with the mass and then the mental poison would be absorbed."

He attacked those who had dared to criticize his action. Referring to letter-writer Fall, whom we quoted above, Father Marshall exclaimed, "Can you imagine the mentality that arrived at that conclusion. . . . I am afraid that there are many sincere Americans who have taken the viewpoint of the writer of that letter."

Nor did Father Marshall spare the readers of NEW MASSES. "Then again there are, apparently, in our midst, some with minds so dwarfed and stunted that they enjoy reading what they must know is slanderous propaganda. . . . You know a sow wouldn't feel at home in a spotless parlor. The poor porker wouldn't enjoy it. Her joy would be found in the foul atmosphere of the pig pen. Minds of that kind wouldn't enjoy decent literature and it seems too bad to deprive them of the privilege of wallowing in the mire of their mental pig pen."

BUT before we consider the mind of Father Marshall and that of the Roman Catholic hierarchy for which



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he is an agent, let's go back to his charge against our magazine and the Communist Party. Here is a lie of the first magnitude—a libel which has been echoed across the land by the thousand-tongued voice of reaction. It is a lie which cannot be sanctified by pulpit nor purified with holy water.

The "avowed object" of the Communist Party is clear and unequivocal. A legal American political party, its aims are stated in its constitution and are a matter of record. The preamble of that constitution declares: "The Communist Party upholds the achievements of American democracy and defends the United States Constitution and its Bill of Rights against its reactionary enemies who would destroy democracy and popular liberties."

Article II of the party's constitution reads: "The purposes of this organization are to promote the best interests and welfare of the working class and the people of the United States, to defend and extend the democracy of our country, to prevent the rise of fascism, and to advance the cause of progress and peace with the ultimate aim of ridding our country of the scourge of economic crises, unemployment, insecurity, poverty and war, through the realization of the historic aim of the working class—the establishment of socialism by the free choice of the majority of the American people."

And Section 10, of Article III, declares: "Every member is obligated to fight with all his strength against any and every effort, whether it comes from abroad or within our country, to destroy the rights of labor and the people, or any section thereof, or to impose upon the United States the arbitrary will of any group or party or clique or conspiracy, thereby violating the unqualified right of the majority of the people to direct the destinies of our country."

NEW MASSES is not "the official paper" of the Communist Party. But as a Marxist publication we endorse and subscribe to that program for America. Many of our contributors and supporters who are not Marxists are joined with us in this fight for the people's welfare. And we are happy to see that there are people in Pittsfield, Mass.—as in every city and state—who are ready to stand up for the Bill of Rights despite the threats and maledictions of the Father Marshalls of the North and the Bilbos of the South. And for that reason NEW MASSES is again available on the racks of the main library in Pittsfield. We are told, however, it still has not been replaced on the rack of the Morningside branch. And that is something that the progressive citizens of Pittsfield should attend to, and give full support to the library officials in resisting the edict of Father Marshall.

THIS Pittsfield story is but the latest foray of an evil force at work in our country. In this instance our magazine was the immediate target. But the strategic goal of the Catholic hierarchy is something much bigger, something much more fundamental: it is an assault upon a basic principle of American democracy, separation of church and state. In a recent issue we pointed out the dangerous breakthrough made on another sector: the victory won by the hierarchy through the Supreme Court's ruling that it is lawful for a state to use public funds to transport children to parochial schools.

Now we witness this attempt to impose an *Index Expurgatorius* upon an American institution. The priest, and not the people, shall determine what shall be read in a public library! Today NEW MASSES is exorcised by bell, book and candle. Tomorrow? Any other publication—Protestant, Jewish, liberal, labor, scientific, educational—could be banned. Isn't this exactly the evil against which Jefferson and Madison fought?

There was such a time when all of Christendom was governed by the Vatican censor, when the Roman Index (*Index Librorum Prohibitorum*) was the law, enforced by the stake and the rack of the Holy Inquisition. John Milton, the great champion of freedom of thought, told what he had seen in Italy in his memorable *Areopagitica, a Speech for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England*:

"And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order, are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other Countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honor I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of Philosophic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

IT'S a long span in years from the Florence where Galileo was tortured to Pittsfield, Mass.—or to your home town. And the United States is not Franco Spain. But the Father Marshalls, the Monsignor Sheens, the Cardinal Spellmans are torchbearers of that modern inquisition, fascism. They are bold. They are arrogant. They demand. They threaten. Allied with the big money men of Wall Street who dream of a new Roman Empire —the American Century—seemingly they will stop at nothing in their drive for power, for domination. NEW MASSES? Out with it! We'll tell you what to read. Free speech, free press? That's not in a papal encyclical!

Here is a challenge to all Americans. NEW MASSES has taken up that challenge. We're going to hit back—and harder—in the fight to preserve and extend American democracy. How about you? You have a job to do in your home town: to defend your library, your schools, your trade unions, your civil liberties. To cease to struggle is to surrender.

## DEAD DUCKS INTO LIONS

THE Board of Education of New York City has just enhanced its brilliant record of courage by banning Howard Fast's *Citizen Tom Paine* from the public school libraries. The pretext for the decision was the presence of alleged "vulgar" passages in the book. Only one member of the board of seven dissented. The verdict was handed down despite the fact that representatives of eleven people's organizations, two members of the City Council, and several distinguished writers spoke in defense of the condemned work, while no one appeared to attack its integrity. Imagine a court which judged someone guilty in the face of so many qualified witnesses to his innocence! Yet these judges rest secure in the knowledge that there is no one to disqualify them. No one, that is, unless the voice of the people is raised to sweep them off their high and mighty seats.

Here is a Board of Education which permits the Hearst and McCormick yellow press to circulate freely in its schools, which does not raise its voice when a fascist sympathizer, George Timone, is appointed to its ranks, which fights like a dead duck to get adequate funds to pay its teachers and equip its buildings; but which turns into a lion of lions when the organized bigots sting its tail. Here are appointed officials, elected by nobody, responsible to nobody, with more power in their field than have the elected representatives of the people, and who can insult these representatives, Councilmen Davis and Cacchione, by refusing to answer their questions. Who are these people, whom we have not chosen, to tell us what is good and bad, right and wrong, when they themselves do not know the meaning of democracy? Is the mentality of the Christian Front to decide what American children should and should not read?

For here is the real question. We cannot allow our liberties to be whittled away by those who raise false banners of religion and morals to conceal their hatred of all progress and freedom. Wake up, citizens—every step backward today threatens your life, liberty and happiness. Protest the decision of the Board of Education. Demand that it be revoked.

THE EDITORS.

# portside patter

## By BILL RICHARDS

Talmadge finally agrees that the Columbians be outlawed. Not that he has anything against them—he just can't stand the competition.

●

*The Senate is going to hold night sessions three times a week. It's just as well they work; most of them probably can't sleep nights anyway.*

●

Senator Taft claims that Lilienthal is "hungry for power." But thanks to his handling of the TVA thousands of people aren't.

●

*There are mysterious reports of a deep gulf between Taft and Vandenberg. Let's hope they both get to the bottom of it.*

●

Leo Cherne in *Look* magazine tells "how to spot a Communist." Judging from the article, the best way to spot a Communist is to throw mud at him.

●

*Cherne advises the readers not to be a "sucker for a Left hook." He doesn't mention the old adage about watching that Right.*

●

The Republican convention will probably be held in Chicago next year. An excellent opportunity for Chicago to foster its fame as the Windy City.

●

*The Russians think the US broadcasts are generally terrible. The radio is already beginning to strengthen the bonds of sympathy between the people of the two countries.*

●

Ninety percent of the Russians think the English programs are better than ours. The other ten percent are pro-American — they think both are equally bad.

●

*However, there is no truth to reports that Soviet courts have been sentencing offenders to listen to the broadcasts.*

●

Births in the US reached an all-time high of over three million last year. Similar figures on the flowers and the bees are not yet available.

●

*It has been estimated that more than seven billion diapers will be used this year. The figures are probably all wet.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TEACHERS ARE GOOD AT ARITHMETIC

***New York's teachers fight for adequate pay and decent educational facilities for their pupils.***

**By NORMAN COLE**

THERE's more to the struggle for teacher salaries than meets the eye. New York City teachers have been waging a battle for salary increases, but this is not unusual in itself. All over the nation, teachers as well as other workers have been trying to close the gap between shrinking pay envelopes and soaring prices. This struggle has taken many forms but the pattern has been pretty much the same.

In New York, the teachers demanded a $1,050 permanent salary increase per year and as a result of their activity have achieved increases totaling $900. This seems pretty good on the face of it. It is a far better percentage of their original demands than was won by the other CIO unions last year during the great strikes. Why then does the teacher salary campaign reach its climax now, after this clear-cut victory? And is it logical for the situation to approach the strike stage in view of the these important gains?

The answers to these questions are quite simple. Teachers are today fighting for much more than salary increases. They are fighting for the democratic right of every child to a decent education. It must be remembered that $650 of the $900 is temporary and will mean no increased educational facilities for the children. This is the heart of the fight.

Picture, if you will, the 800 schools in New York City, with thousands of children pouring through the gates at 9 o'clock in the morning. Every child reports to his class and is greeted by the teacher. But wait a minute—some of these classes have no teachers. Well, it's too bad, but suppose we send them downtown to Madison Square Garden where they can spend the day studying or amusing themselves.

Our scene shifts to 50th Street and Broadway. As we approach the Garden we see a great many kids. We try to push our way through but the whole neighborhood is jammed. Indignantly we turn to a policeman. "Why don't they open up the Garden and let these children in?" "Look, brother, the Garden was filled to overflowing a long time ago. They can't get any more children in!"

Perhaps now you can get the picture of the collapse of education in New York City. Every day, almost 600 classes and 22,000 schoolchildren are without teachers.

Of course, our children don't go to Madison Square Garden. They are either left in charge of a monitor or are scattered throughout the school into classes that have no relationship whatsoever to their age groups or original classes. This happens every day of the year in the richest state in the nation.

Why?

Since 1939, over 350,000 teachers have left the school systems of our nation. They could not continue teaching at the starvation wages being paid by a "grateful" country. This represents a drop of twenty-eight percent in the total teaching staff of the country. Today only fifty percent of the teachers who were in the schools at the time of Pearl Harbor are still teaching. The number of students preparing themselves for teaching in the nation's normal schools and universities has dropped from twenty-two percent to seven percent. And the temporary increases granted will not bring one additional teacher to the schools or one additional student into the profession. The teacher shortage will continue until this problem is solved.

THE teachers proposed a solution. They urged that teacher salaries be raised permanently and that state aid to education be increased. At first every teacher organization in the city came up with a different set of proposals. Every group had a different idea and the state politicians had themselves a field day playing off one group against the other. But teachers can learn as well as teach. Enmities and rivalries were forgotten in the need to save the schools and soon there appeared in New York City a new spokesman for the teachers. It was the Teachers' Salary Conference, made up of some seventy teacher organizations, both union and professional. Included in it were such diverse groups as the Teachers' Union, Local 555, United Public Workers of America-CIO, and the Teachers' Guild of the American Federation of Teachers-AFL. Soon this unity began to bring results.

But the politicians who recognized the power of the Teachers' Salary Conference attempted to head off the growing militancy of the teachers by granting temporary increases. First came a $350 cost of living bonus from the city. The teachers took this and demanded more. They pointed out that temporary increases would not bring additional teachers into the school.

In October of last year the CIO Teachers' Union called for a mass demonstration at the Board of Education. Plans were made in every school and the newspapers were amazed that the professional, dignified teachers would think in such terms as mass demonstrations. Two hours before the demonstration was to take place, Mayor O'Dwyer announced a $250



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permanent salary increase. But the demonstration went on as scheduled and 4,000 teachers appeared at the Board of Education and told the board that this was not enough.

In January, the legislative session opened in Albany and the New York City Board of Education announced its public budget hearing. The Teachers' Union then called for another mass demonstration before the board on the day of the budget hearing. This time between 8,000 and 10,000 teachers appeared and demanded that the Board of Education lead the fight for increased state aid to education. They pointed out that the state has the primary responsibility under the state constitution for education and that Governor Dewey was shirking this responsibility.

While the thousands of teachers demonstrated outside, inside at the hearing representatives of the teachers showed the board how New York City schools were receiving less and less from the state and challenged the board to do its duty by adopting a budget based upon the needs of the schools instead of the pittances that the politicians were willing to throw to education.

Even Governor Dewey heard about the demonstration, and, fearing the militancy and unity of the teachers, he sent a special message to the legislature aimed at pulling the wool over the people's eyes and at the same time dividing the upstate teachers from the downstate teachers. He proposed legislation calling for the appropriation of a sum equal to $300 per teacher in cities where teachers had not received raises since June 30, 1945. In the other cities, which included New York, this money could be used by the municipalities to reimburse themselves for raises already granted.

The joker in this bill, rushed through the legislature, was that the increase was temporary. It returned the issue of teacher salaries to the cities, and the only real direct beneficiaries were a small group of upstate teachers.

In New York City, where the teachers were unified, the city agreed

# DEWEY DIVIDES AND SUBTRACTS

### By the EDITORS

THE Dewey-eyed special committee on a state educational program has poured out salary proposals that are more mud in the eye of New York state's teachers. One must admit the committee's program has a certain glitter. Some of the teachers' organizations required a double take before they were able to appreciate the unique paste-like qualities of this latest Dewey sparkler. With the Buffalo strike then in progress and New York City's teachers refusing to take no for an answer, the report shrewdly attempts to divide upstate teachers from those in Greater New York by proposing salary schedules that will mean some concessions to the former while actually cutting the wages of the latter.

For example, as a result of temporary and permanent increases granted during the past year, kindergarten to 6B teachers in New York City now receive in the first year $2,508; junior high teachers, $2,940; high school teachers, $3,048. If the Dewey committee's recommendations become law, they will all receive $2,500. For subsequent years only elementary school teachers will get small increases, while junior high and high school salaries will be cut.

A second piece of chicanery in the committee's report is the single salary schedule under which grade school, junior high and high school teachers would all receive the same starting salaries and the same increments. This sounds fine. But instead of raising the grade school level to that of the high school, the committee's proposals would operate in New York City to lower high school salaries to the grade school level.

One of the most outrageous proposals would make increases after the sixth year dependent on "merit." Both the CIO Teachers Union and the AFL Teachers Guild have strongly condemned this scheme. According to the Teachers' Union, it would "open the door to a return of nepotism and political pork-barrelling in the school system." Getting a raise beyond the six-year level "will depend upon the whims and favoritism of supervisory officials and open the door wide to discrimination, union-busting and reprisals."

The report offers nothing to rural schools with less than eight teachers, nor does it recommend any increases for non-teaching employes of the educational system such as principals, librarians, etc. *And it doesn't suggest a dime for building new schools and improving facilities that are in a scandalous state.*

One of the biggest jokers in the committee's report is the proposal that increased salaries be financed not by the state, but by enlarging the taxing powers of the overburdened communities. This means a squeeze play on the small taxpayer and it also means atomizing the teachers' fight so that in each locality they will have to wage a separate struggle for additional funds.

The fact is that in place of the niggardly $52,000,000 over a period of six years that the Dewey committee recommends, $100,000,000 is required annually, as proposed by the Teachers' Union, to finance both higher salaries and increased aid to education. This is the richest state in the Union, a state whose steadily mounting surplus now totals $617,000,000. What better use could be made of part of that surplus than to devote it to the welfare of the state's children who are the chief victims of the low salaries paid their teachers and of a generally impoverished educational system?

The Teachers' Union has called for the scrapping of the committee's report. The Teachers' Salary Conference, representing 35,000 New York City teachers, has also unanimously rejected it and is sending a protest delegation to Albany. The general public has a vital stake in the outcome of this struggle, a stake which must not be subordinated to anyone's presidential ambitions. It is time Mr. Dewey were required to stop talking through both sides of other people's mouths. Let's get behind the teachers and our own children!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to put the $300 temporary increase into the teachers' paychecks almost immediately. In sharp contrast, however, was Buffalo, where unity was not established. There the teachers were only given $150 this year and $250 next year.

As a result of the failure of the state administration to cope with the basic causes of the school crisis, the Teachers' Salary Conference designated Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, as "School Emancipation Day," and delegates from each faculty were elected to go to Albany to demand action. Repeated requests for a public hearing on this day were ignored by the governor. Nevertheless, 800 elected delegates from New York City schools went to Albany to meet with teachers from upstate communities. When the delegates reached the Capitol they found armed state troopers surrounding the building.

Also greeting the teachers upon their arrival in Albany was new anti-strike legislation, introduced into the legislature that same morning, aimed at intimidating teachers from exercising their rights as citizens. The teachers were not intimidated. Instead they were enraged. Bitterly they commented: "This type of legislation is an outrageous method of dealing with the school crisis."

Dewey refused even to meet with a teachers' committee and Republican leaders indicated that little, if anything, will come out of this session of the legislature. However, the teachers are not licked. On the contrary, they are now contemplating a strike vote. The Teachers' Union in calling for the strike vote pointed out: "We, as teachers, recognize the seriousness of the step that we are proposing. We also realize the seriousness of the breakdown of the morale in our school system. It is in the interests of the children even more than of the teachers that the turmoil in the schools be ended, even if this necessitates closing the schools until the legislature and the governor discharge their responsibilities to the people of New York."

Victory for the teachers will be a blow to Deweyism in New York State and will prove a powerful guarantee of democratic education in our schools. The unity established by the New York City teachers will prove an object lesson to the entire nation and to the entire labor movement.

# BUFFALO ADDS UP

## By JOHN STUART

*Buffalo.*

When I reached Buffalo Friday noon, the schools were long, lonely shadows. All ninety-ht of them were shut tight as though F uary were August. Seventy-thousand kids were home or off at the movies or socking each other in snowball street fights. Teachers hung around their Federation headquarters in the city's ritziest hotel, the Statler. More of them were in their parlors, ears fixed to radios. Mayor Dowd, distinguished Republican alumnus of P. S. 51, opened his mouth from time to time and all you could see in it was his foot. School superintendent Dr. Bapst sat fidgeting in his office. He had done good by locking up his domain. The teachers have old complaints against Bapst but he was giving them a break now, giving them a chance to get what they wanted. And if you scouted the hotel lobbies you could see Ed Jaeckle trying to figure this one out. They tell me that as a Republican big boss with lines right into Dewey's future, Jaeckle is an expert calculator of votes. But he'll never calculate what hit Buffalo with its mostly Republican teachers.

And way up on the Statler's eighteenth floor was the chief of the Teachers Federation, Raymond Ast. For some reason or other Ast was shy about seeing me. No doubt he was busy, but no doubt too he was a little worried about my politics. No matter, though, because from what I saw and heard this school principal, with features cast like General Marshall's, was handling the walkout as though he had been doing such things from cradle days on.

The Buffalo teachers' strike is a dream. You couldn't have thought it up in a million years. It isn't in the books. You'll never find it in any index to trade union struggles. To put it point-blank, the Buffalo Teachers Federation is called a "company union"— or it was until 9 AM Monday, Feb. 24, 1947. It's a by-product of a union-busting venture in Buffalo's early Twenties when another superintendent of schools killed off the Teachers Educational League by making principals of some of its leading members. The bribe worked and these principals hammered the present Federation together out of odds and ends of teachers' groups that were lying around. Its 2,600 members pay three dollars annually in dues, and benefits have been tea and cookies and professional gossip. As for a strike fund— why, such things are undignified, unbecoming, unnatural. Strikes happened to somebody else.

Even after it happened to them you could still sense uneasiness. Old habits of thought, old attitudes are colliding with new experiences for which a good many of the Federation's teachers cannot find a comfortable place in their minds. It's all on the surface now for lots of them and it will take time to seep down. At headquarters the more aggressive ones sit around talking and when you ask why they call a simple, plain strike "abstention from work" or why they called their pickets "observers" their reply is an embarrassed smile. One of them, a chubby woman with a fantastic hat sitting on her apple-like head, said to me, "We've been moving so fast in the last week, I have trouble sleeping nights."

So many of the teachers have moved faster in five days than they have in the last ten years they are obviously quite out of breath. And that is the wonder of it too. You could have bet your right arm that when the school year opened last September the teachers would no more have walked out of the schools than Dewey would resign from the governorship. They were counted on to swallow their grievances. They were counted on to let their genteel poverty remain out of public sight. They were fixed quantities in the community and anyone could predict exactly how they would behave. Perhaps four or five of them did talk about doing the unusual, but everyone else thought them slightly crazy.

Then came the business — the teachers' strikes in Norwalk and St. Paul in particular. I spent a good part of an evening with a teacher who told me how the Norwalk walkout hit him. He is a beanstalk of a man with



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a teaching degree from a Catholic college.

"When the teachers left the classrooms in Norwalk I was flabbergasted," he said. "I thought it was one of those freaks of nature. I just couldn't get it out of my mind. For the last ten years teaching has been an avocation with me and ways of earning extra money my full-time job. You can't begin to imagine how a lean check interferes with your professional duties. If you have to work nights after a day in school you become irritable and the kids feel it. You take it out on them. The relationship between teachers and pupils is a delicate one. You have to be constantly alert to make sure that this relationship is wholesome and productive. You can't help youngsters grow if all you think about are accumulated bills.

"I'm not an original man," he continued. "The good things I know are borrowed from other people. I borrowed the idea of walking out on the job from what happened in Norwalk. I talked about it to others. By last December it was clear to me that the Buffalo teachers, most of the nearly 3,000, would soon move out of the schools, fears and all.

"Well, here we are what you call on strike. The kids in school were wonderful. They wrote 'scab' on the blackboards in rooms where teachers refused to go out or they asked them in their own mischievous or innocent way, 'What's a scab, teacher?' Many children made life miserable for the teachers who foolishly stayed on and some of them literally walked out of the classrooms in order not to hear what the children were saying. The kids were our best inside organizers. They also carried placards and snake-danced around the school buildings. Sure, some of us found it hard to picket, so we sat in cars outside the schools observing. Finally we did picket and other teachers who always addressed me as Mr. Soandso for the first time called me by my first name. That was something.

"It was also a little heartbreaking to find teachers who were all the way with us but just could not do what laborers did. There was the teacher who walked over to a picket and asked permission to go into the school for just one day. She needed that day to qualify for her pension. She was terrified that she would lose it altogether if she didn't get into the classroom."

When I asked him how it was that the Federation's leadership consented to a strike after pushing cookies around for so many years, he said, "There was nothing they could do. There was heat and pressure from down below. Nobody at City Hall cared a tinker's dam about us. We got no satisfaction in Albany. We got the gladhand because Dewey and his crowd know that a good many of us are Republicans and voted for him. After weeks of respectable negotiating we were still getting the same salaries. Dowd, the mayor, was passing the buck to Dewey and Dewey sent it back special delivery. Mr. Ast simply had to go along with us if he wanted to retain the leadership of the teachers. That's all there is to it, I think."

THE Buffalo teachers said no to the flannel-mouthed offers made by Dewey's committee of experts on salaries. They didn't like lots of things about it, although in some small respects it favored them more than it did

(*Continued on page 22*)

# I MEET BULGARIA'S PREMIER: DIMITROV

***A first-hand account of a new people's democracy and the men and women who are leading the nation.***

## By DOMINIQUE DESANTI

BULGARIA? You have your choice: essence of roses, tobacco, peasant embroideries, carved ceilings. Or three names: Dimitrov, hero of the Reichstag Fire Trial in 1933; Kolarov, President of the Republic, and Tsola Dragoicheva, the woman who organized the Fatherland Front in the underground movement. The visitor to Bulgaria who arrives with these three names in mind expects to find a land shut up within itself after twenty-three years of struggle.

Our car had broken down on a mountain road, sixty-five miles from Sofia. So there we were when a truck drove up bearing about a hundred women between the ages of sixteen and seventy. They were all standing, closely packed, singing into the wind. Women with long braids falling below their red bandanas, young girls with straight-cut hair, peasant women wearing gaily-colored aprons and gold-edged jackets, schoolgirls dressed in blue skirts and white middies. The truck stopped and the two drivers began talking with each other. They told us that these women came from the city and on Sundays visited various villages to help in child care and nursing of the sick. They brought fruit and knitted things, and got to know the women workers of the surrounding countryside. Likewise, male workers' brigades visited the villages every week to repair the villagers' tools and kitchen utensils without pay. Often they were accompanied by students, actors and musicians.

When the women found out that I was a "Frenchwoman friendly to the Fatherland Front," they jumped down from the truck, the old women with soft cries, the young ones with peals of laughter! In a few seconds my arms were full of apples and quinces, my cheeks flushed with kisses, and my shoulder-blades pummeled with hearty pats.

They sang for me songs they had made up to the tunes of old love melodies, telling how the local hero had left his village for the mountains, taking with him next to his heart his fiancee's scarf and two charges of dynamite. Or how the thin Partisan woman in the braided skirt and sheepskin packet had given her four sons in the fight for democracy and had herself killed enemy soldiers. "In our town we are all Partisans. . . ." These women admitted to me: "We have no fats yet in the cities, not enough *tsarvuli* (rubber slippers) for everyone, but pretty soon. . . ."

Then suddenly they asked me: "Why aren't the Socialists in France in the Fatherland Front, like our Zveno? Why, in France, aren't those



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who believe in God progressives?" The village women showed me medals of Saint John of Rila around their necks—"that doesn't prevent us from 'being for the future.'"

I wanted to know who had spoken to them about France, and some of the other countries that came into our conversation. We were just going through a village which they had insisted on taking me to. Among the little houses, with red peppers and green tobacco leaves drying in front of the doors and barefoot children carrying water from a well, they showed me two cement buildings, the school and the reading-room-library. "We have books and newspapers there, and lectures, too. Every week we meet there and discuss everything: how to till the fields and weave and take care of the livestock—and we also learn about the history and politics of other countries."

That is Bulgaria. A nation closed like a fist, capable of living on bread and broth, on bean soup and chestnuts (as it now does!) in order to remain itself. A country open as the palm of the hand, offered in the Slav fashion: "Take the best of what I have! Nor is that enough, since you are my friend."

RETURING to Sofia, I met the man who sums up this country and the anti-fascist cause: George Dimitrov. He lives in a modest little house guarded by an unarmed soldier. On the table in his diningroom there are platters of fruit and boxes of cigarettes. On another table is a cup sent by the young miners of Pernik, where production rose from 6,000 to 9,000 tons in a few months, thanks to volunteer work by city workers who donated their labor to save the coal industry.

Dimitrov, the Premier of Bulgaria, entered the room and we found ourselves in the presence of a thoughtful revolutionary, calm, smiling. Every word he says is purposeful:

"The future of the Bulgarian people? It may be summed up in three words: difficult, complicated, but magnificent. The government can only be that of the Fatherland Front, because the Fatherland Front is the only coalition of political and social forces capable of forming a government. The roots of this coalition of democratic forces are deeply imbedded in the Bulgarian people. . . ."

For a moment I forgot the modest diningroom and the inspiring face of the man before me. I imagined myself back in a village, in a house in which the peasants sleep on the earth and crouch around the fireplace on footstools as of old. A man with the same kind of look, the same expression—an unknown man—had spoken to me. I doubt whether anyone had ever told him he resembled Dimitrov. All he had done was to lead a group of three hundred Partisan fighters. With a wealth of gestures, he explained to me: "For us, you understand, national independence and socialism are alike. We can only be a democratic state if we are an independent state. The king means the foreigner's yoke; fascism is the foreigner's yoke; capitalism means the rule of foreign money. We can't be Bulgarians unless we are freed of all that."

This man was not a Marxist. An ikon hung from the wall of his dwelling. He was an obscure Bulgarian: the fascists had shot his father in 1923, the Germans had shot his son in 1943. Every Sunday his wife brough a garland of fruit and hung it on the wall. On one side was a cross, on the other a red star—and underneath it their child was buried.

George Dimitrov, the man Hitler could not defeat, lit his pipe and continued: "The economic program of the Fatherland Front contains a two-year plan, the achievement of which will contribute to the development of our country; but it is not yet an achievement of socialism. The transition of Bulgaria to socialism requires considerable preparation, and the program of the Fatherland Front lays the basis for it. At the present time one cannot say when and how our people will take the road to socialism. But there is no doubt about it: like all other peoples, it will one day take that road. Each people will go forward in the manner best suited to its mentality, its economic development, and the extent and quality of its culture.

George Dimitrov

"The advantage of a people's democracy such as exists in Bulgaria, based on the free organization of all manual and intellectual workers, cooperatives, etc., is that it makes possible the transition to socialism without a dictatorship of the proletariat. The transition to socialism follows a difficult path and one that is full of hurdles. Without struggle, there will be no results. If the people's democracy stands still or retreats, it will bring back reaction or fascism. In the Slav countries and in Romania, this transition to socialism is being made without dictatorship, with much fewer sacrifices than if it were made under other conditions."

The Bulgarian Prime Minister, who for twenty years bore within him the hopes of a people, then spoke of the progress of Bulgarian-Yugoslav cooperation and of the impossibility of any understanding with the Greek government, supported by occupation troops.

"The Macedonian question," he went on, "has not yet been definitely settled, but the creation of the People's Macedonian Republic within the framework of the Yugoslav Federation has laid the groundwork for a solution, and Macedonia has ceased being a source of discord among the Slav peoples and has become a uniting link."

The man who first unmasked Hitlerism before the eyes of the world continued to discuss the big problems of our time: racism, the question of imperialist nations, and the danger—in his words—"not of a war, but of an imperialist peace instead of a democratic peace."

Then, with the same simplicity and hospitality with which he greeted us, he took us to the door of the modest white house where, despite illness and weariness, he is guiding the difficult destiny of a renewed and impoverished people.

SHORTLY thereafter, I began my visits to the "brain trust" of the Opposition. Nicholas Petkov, trading on the reputation of a brother who was killed by the fascists, has tried to



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

re-group all the discontented around himself under the label of "Dissident Agrarians." Not having anything resembling a platform or a program, incapable even of putting forward a draft constitution in opposition to that of the Fatherland Front, he plays the profitable part of the "eternal nay-sayer."

I saw some of his "supporters." I visited first one of the richest men in the country, a former magnate in tobacco, the chief source of Bulgaria's wealth. Tobacco (*jebel*), prized by Americans for blends and by speculators for obtaining foreign currency, has become a state monopoly. Thus, all those who have made fortunes in tobacco have joined in a systematic opposition to the regime. This opposition has been intensified because of the important interests at stake and because of the support of those who are loftily called "the Western bloc." The secret support of the Anglo-Americans in the country colors their attitude with both snobbery and a desire for financial profit.

The ex-tobacco king explained to me in guarded words that the party of Petkov, with its three newspapers and its compact parliamentary group, seemed to him fairly weak. I countered by pointing out that in the *Sobranje* (Chamber of Deputies) the Opposition agrarians and democrats appeared to be stirring up quite a fuss, indulging in shouts, constantly interrupting, and preventing speakers from being heard. They behaved in sharp contrast to the calm assurance of the pro-government deputies. I referred to a recent amazing session of Parliament in which Premier Dimitrov suddenly arose and supported an Opposition speaker on an important point of procedure, winning unanimous applause from the Chamber.

"That's just it!" said the tobacco magnate. "Imagine an Opposition which applauds that former convict!"

Shortly thereafter I met a mysterious individual who told me of "an underground Opposition newspaper supported by the Big Powers." He was the classic type of agent of the Fifth Column. That paper followed the policy of the "ten families" of Bulgaria. President Kolarov spoke to me about them: they sought to restore the former constitution almost intact, with a president of the republic endowed with royal powers and surrounded by a clique of the aristocrats who had so long lived off the nation.

Around these Opposition gentlemen of the past have gathered the big merchants who are displeased with the development of cooperatives (although these latter allow complete freedom to retail business, only forcing the shopkeepers to limit their margins of profit by keeping prices low); the former big landlords; and some of the industrialists—particularly those whose factories have been nationalized because they did business with the Nazis.

While in Czechoslovakia seventy-three percent of industry has been nationalized, in Bulgaria the figure is much lower. Yet one of the manufacturers who is still at the head of his factory complained to me:

"How do you expect me to take any initiative with this factory committee on my neck, with the right to mix into everything and to have me open my books? Management without secrets isn't management. They have raised family allowances from 100 to 300 *levas* for the first-born child and are talking about instituting old age pensions."

"That's a rather general phenomenon in Europe," I demurred.

Then with a sweeping gesture he asserted: "But look here! You're not going to place the Balkan workingman on the same level as the worker in Western Europe, are you? Our only hope to export lies in low costs of production based on low wages for our help."

I thought of the Bulgarian trade-unionists fighting stubbornly to increase their purchasing power. I thought of the canteens opened in all the factories and offices, where a dish costs fifteen to twenty *levas* which in even the smallest restaurant would be marked fifty *levas*. I thought of the trade-union schools working overtime and against odds to train people, even for government ministries. I thought of the workers' housing projects under way, of the hospitals which now have 11,000 beds compared with 6,000 two years ago, of the 106 village maternity stations compared with six two years ago. I didn't think it worth while to answer my industrialist friend.

Tsola Dragoicheva, president of the National Committee of the Fatherland Front and a national heroine of the anti-fascist struggle in Bulgaria, spoke to me about the woman question. She told of measures taken to bring up illegitimate children on a par with legitimate youngsters, of efforts to suppress prostitution, and of attempts to combat sex discrimination by providing jobs for women.

That same evening I met a woman of the Opposition. It was in her lavishly decorated Oriental-style apartment. This very stout and very "cultured" lady told me:

"The people don't work any more: they march. And do you know what? The priests, yes, even the priests have a professional association which is negotiating to join the trade union federation!"

Much remains to be done in the Republic of Bulgaria. President Kolarov had tears in his eyes when he spoke to me: "You must understand; to pay the reparations asked of us, we would have to snatch from our families their chief source of nourishment, bread. You know that two years of drought, on the heels of fascist and German looting, have greatly impoverished our people. At present the situation is scarcely any better. The Bulgarian people never fought effectively against the Allies but always fought magnificently against their own reactionary government."

The truth of the matter is that Bulgaria, exploited by national and foreign trusts, and then by Hitler, has a very backward industry and agriculture. The country has just begun to be modernized. The soil is rich but machinery, electrification and transport are in an embryonic state. The country stored up nothing, harvested nothing for itself during the long years of hard work and privation. Infant mortality has reached frightening proportions. The figures for tuberculosis have risen. Sanitation is just beginning to make some headway in the villages.

How is it that Great Britain and the United States, which have recognized Italy, take a very hostile attitude toward the Bulgarian government? How do they explain this hostility if not by their fear of seeing a free nation established on the borders of Greece and their fanciful desire to get control of Bulgaria's economy? The Bulgarian regime, with its organized and highly vocal Opposition, cannot be considered "totalitarian," even in the eyes of the most exacting purists.

Where can one find better guarantees of anti-fascism than those offered by the present leaders of Bulgaria? We owe it to ourselves to support this country of 7,000,000 inhabitants who are pressing forward on the road of progress and independence.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TO THE MAD HATTERS

***Reason under fire. Contempt for humanity and hatred of progress in the thinking of Philip Rahv, William Phillips and Diana Trilling.***

**By CHARLES HUMBOLDT**

WITHIN the last few months, a swarm of anthologies, collected works and portables has been issued, often to meet a genuine demand of the reading public, sometimes to awake an interest more or less undeserved. Altogether, however, they serve a real purpose in bringing out-of-print books back into circulation.

Unfortunately, the editors of these collections are at times unequal to their authors. They do not use their prefaces for exposition of their subject's contribution or failures, but to attach to him their private notions of life, literature and politics. Like barnacles on a hull, they hope to be carried along by the ship.

Let us examine three such introductions and the distorted concepts they convey. The first is Philip Rahv's to *The Short Novels of Tolstoy*.* Rahv makes much of Tolstoy's separation from the progressive intellectuals of his time, and his quarrel with Turgenev and the writers grouped around the poet Nekrasov, "whose rise coincides with the appearance of the plebeian [sic] on the literary scene." Tolstoy, according to Rahv, despised the "plebeian" writers' "theories" and "convictions" (the quotes are Rahv's) because he was associated with the patriarchal traditions of the Russian nobility of the eighteenth century. His opposition to reactionary Slavophilism was based partly upon its obscurantism, but equally upon its being "aligned with plebeian tasks; at bottom it represented the discomfiture of a small and weak plebeian class in a semi-feudal society." Incidental to this antipathy to plebeian matters was Tolstoy's wish to dissociate himself from literature as a profession or way of life. It is only fair to remark here that Tolstoy's independence in this respect comes less from a desire to avoid soiling his hands with ignoble affairs than it does from his not having to earn his living by writing. But so practical a reason is evidently beyond the consideration of Rahv who is out to identify himself with the noble patrician, Tolstoy.

It is even more important to make clear that the conception of Tolstoy's thought and struggle as the effort of an aristocrat to discover a way out of the ruin of the traditional order is a vulgar misuse of historical materialism in literary criticism. Tolstoy's ideas were not simply an extension of the ideology of the class in which he was born. Were this true, he would have devoted his art to a sterile defense of dead values and to romantic portraits of the nobility.

This estimate of Tolstoy is not original to Rahv. It was the one held by Plekhanov and other Russian critics to whom Rahv does not give credit. To it Lenin opposed a quite different version—more flexible, less obvious, but on a close reading of Tolstoy much nearer the truth. Lenin asserted that it was the peasantry whose psychology and social outlook determined Tolstoy's ideology:

> "By birth and education Tolstoy belonged to the highest landed nobility in Russia—but he broke with all the customary views of this milieu and, in his later work, attacked with passionate criticism all modern state, church, social and economic systems which rest on the enslavement of the masses, on their poverty, on the ruin of the peasants and petty husbandmen generally, on violence and hypocrisy which permeate all modern life from top to bottom."

Lenin, summarizing Tolstoy's relation to the peasantry as the source of both his weakness and his strength, makes a judgment which is superb for its literary perception as well as historic accuracy:

> "The reason Tolstoy's criticism is charged with such feeling, passion, conviction, freshness, sincerity, fearlessness in the attempt 'to get at the roots,' find the real reasons for the state of the masses, is that his criticism really expresses the crisis in the views of millions of peasants who had only been emancipated from serfdom to find that this new freedom means only new horrors of ruin, starvation, a homeless life among city 'sharps,' etc. Tolstoy reflects their mood so accurately that he brings into his doctrine their own naivete, their estrangement from politics, their mysticism, desire to escape from the world, 'non-resistance to evil,' impotent anathemas of capitalism and the 'power of money.' The protest of millions of peasants and their despair—that is what was fused into Tolstoy's doctrine."
>
> "The period of preparation for the revolution in one of the countries oppressed by feudalism was shown, thanks to the light thrown upon it by Tolstoy's genius, as a step forward in the artistic evolution of mankind as a whole."

NOW Rahv, formerly a critic of the Left, is familiar with Lenin's essays on Tolstoy. Why did he discard them for his "nobleman's" version? Because he has other fish to fry. Rahv is out to prove Tolstoy's revulsion against the "plebeian" (by which he probably means the lower middle class) and the "alienated intellectual proletariat." (The notion of alienation is derived from Marx' early writings, but Rahv is too modest to credit himself with borrowing from such a source.) It is hard to gather just what the "intellectual proletariat" is, or what it is "alienated" from, but it seems to be insensitive to the "resistant quality of life, its irreducibility, its multiple divulgements in all their uniqueness and singularity." The intellectual proletariat is therefore excluded from the enjoyment of the "multiple divulgements."

In the first place, we deny Rahv's assertion that "art and reason are not naturally congruous with one another," and that there are things in life which are necessarily and inevitably irreducible and incomprehensible. Rejecting this fashionable obscurantism, we cannot accept the "fact" that the

---

* THE SHORT NOVELS OF TOLSTOY, *edited with an introduction by Philip Rahv. Dial. $4.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater part of fiction gains its quality of genius by being "existentially centered in a concrete inwardness and subjectivity." On the contrary, we find this to be true only of certain modern novelists, and of these only in part. The greater part of fiction is distinguished by its projection of action and objective relationships. And we do not agree with the remark of the Danish father of existentialism, Kierkegaard, that "there may be a system of logic; a system of being there can never be."

Here is an attempt to set up in the gigantic shadow of Tolstoy one's little flea-market of ideas. It is a platitude to say that life is infinitely various and difficult to subject to the power of reason, and that individuals live not by their intellectual grasp of the world but through their total personalities. It becomes a perversion of the truth when one deduces from this that reason must be impotent in the face of the contradictions confronting it, and that human beings are condemned to ultimate solitude by their very nature, which is full of uncontrollable and irrational elements reflecting the irrationality of the external, unknowable world.

Rahv's eclecticism is exposed in his discussion of Tolstoy's rationalism. Rahv notes that in his analysis of character Tolstoy leaves nothing undefined, nothing unexplained. Yet for Rahv himself is not everything indefinable, inexplicable; is he not a salesman of those very ambiguities in modern bourgeois thought which he, for the moment, finds absent in Tolstoy? Is not Tolstoy's rationalism dragged in as a selling point for Rahv's existential, anti-intellectual quackery? It is embarrassing for this philosopher, to whom good and evil are merely "categories of moral analysis," to admit the social content of Tolstoy's teaching. So he projects instead the frustrations of the characters in his novels, as though they represented not Tolstoy's dramatization of the contradictions of his time but rather his despair of life. (This does not prevent the despair and nihilism from springing from "the affirmation of life." We are now in the realm of Rahvian metaphysics.)

Tolstoy's essential meaning for us, his desire to be rid of the past and to begin a new life, is lost in a medley of purely literary hopelessness, modish incommunicability, insincere mysticism, all stemming from a refusal to concede the power of human beings to effect changes in society that will promote their happiness. What does it mean to admit a system of logic, but not a system of being? It means that man's idea of the world can in no sense correspond to its reality, that any effort to test his knowledge in action is self-deception, that everything and every other man mocks man's hope to understand them. Only by subjective examination and through intuitions is life's meaning apprehended—but this is only for such contemporary noblemen as Rahv. Thus the worst of Tolstoy becomes the best of Rahv. For the best of Tolstoy does not interest him —the fact that he served mankind by using his enormous sensibility and creative strength to register the protest of millions of peasants suffering under a feudal tyranny. Perhaps this aspect of Tolstoy is not profound enough.

RAHV is joined in his anti-intellectual argument by his colleague on *Partisan Review*. William Phillips' thesis in his introduction to *The Short Stories of Dostoyevsky** is that "neurosis is not simply a spur to creative work but is deeply ingrained in it . . . the neurotic work somehow becomes a characteristic product of modern culture." On this point our amateur psychoanalyst goes Freud one better. "Even Freud, in his masterly essay on the parricide *motif* in Dostoyevsky, shies away from any connection between the novelist's creative powers and his personal drives." And he goes on to quote Freud, who says, "Unfortunately, before the problem of the creative artist, [psycho] analysis must lay down its arms."

Not so Mr. Phillips. Where Freud fears to tread, Phillips plunges madly ahead, with no shred of research, scientific confirmation, nor even an hypothesis to clothe him. His best backers are Nietzsche and Thomas Mann's reflections on the relation of genius to disease—reflections scattered throughout Mann's work and stated in so tentative a manner as to imply that whatever fascination his theory had for him, Mann was not willing to accept responsibility for its truth. (This holds even for *his* introduction to Dostoyevsky's short novels.) In Dostoyevsky's abnormal psychology Phillips professes to find the secret of the latter's art—"and, perhaps of all truly creative art in our time." Why in our time only? How could art survive in the past, when the artists were unfortunately equipped with mental health? Or, if the theory holds only for our time, what are the elements of our society which condemn the artist to be great only at the cost of half losing his mind? Could it be that our society is not all that it should be?

Here the aspirant psychologist becomes shy. He has nothing to say about the pressures of capitalism as they affect the artist, causing him to doubt and to feel himself unworthy, emphasizing the faults and working to weaken the strong points of his character, creating division in his personality and outlook. Nor does he see how the true artist must struggle to overcome the disability of which he is the victim, how he in fact does this, and how his art therefore becomes a triumph over his own sickness, not a symptom of it. Dostoyevsky was great to the degree that he was able to make his abnormal psychology an object of observation rather than, as happened too frequently with him, a mode of judging his world.

Phillips' "theory" is a dilettante poke into science, which offers it no foundation. It injures artists by confirming the lesser ones in their irresponsibility and calling into question the rationality of the rest. The honest writer will not appreciate laurels from a critic who depreciates his reason and finds his value to lie in the destructive elements of his character, elements that inhibit or distort his creative capacity and separate him from others. He will not be grateful for an estimate of himself that arouses distrust of him in those whom he wants to reach.

But Phillips, too, has other fish to fry. Having established Dostoyevsky's mortal inner conflict, he is now ready to carry that conflict to "an even higher plane" where it will touch upon "some of the crucial questions of Western consciousness." And what could be more interesting to us on that higher plane but that Dostoyevsky "saw the hand of the devil in the revolutionary principle, for its ruthless practice appeared to Dostoyevsky simply another version of the 'criminal impulse'"? What is even more interesting, however, is Mr. Phillips' duplicity. He has just outlined one of Dostoyevsky's reactionary opinions, and he has done so in a way that im-

* THE SHORT STORIES OF DOSTOYEVSKY, *with an introduction by William Phillips. Dial.* $4.



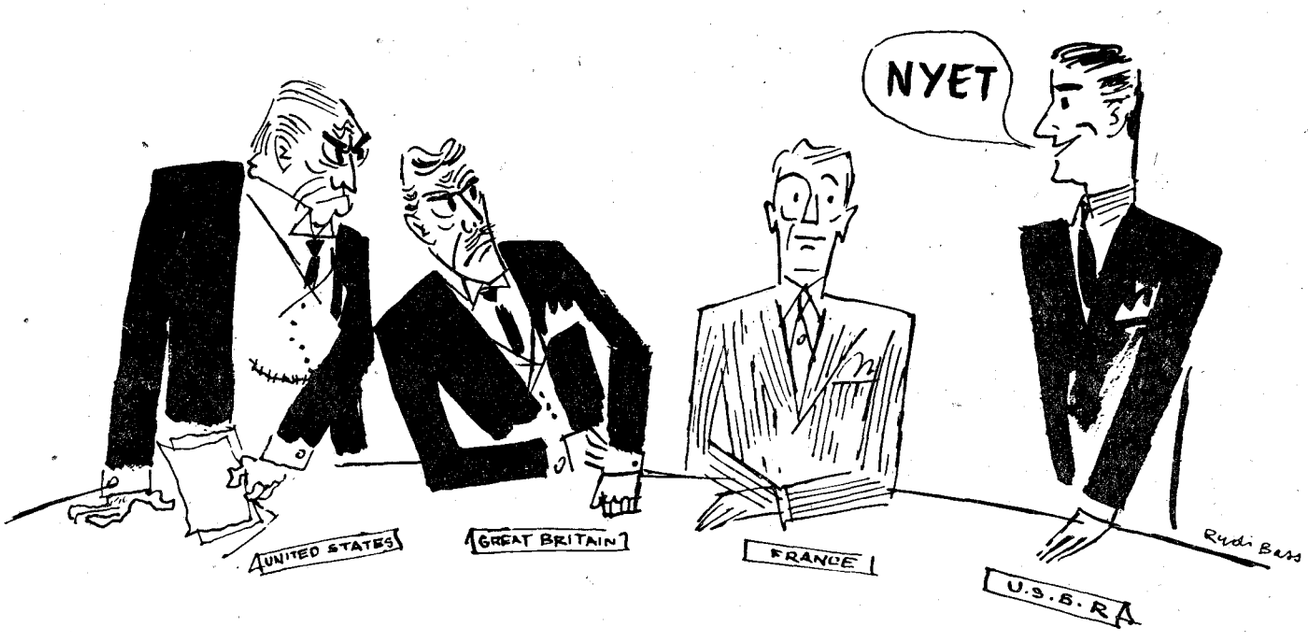
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plies agreement, without frankly committing himself to it. He will do this in other crucial passages of his analysis, two of which it is necessary to quote in part. Discussing his author's search for a moral direction, Phillips writes, "He railed against science, rationalism, positivism, socialism, and the Enlightenment, shrewdly linking them all together on the grounds that they offered no more than a tabulation—hence a justification—of the present state of the world. It was only the irrational, in the form of art and, ultimately, faith in God, that could both free men from his slovenly addiction to himself and give him an imaginative insight into the unregimented side of himself." Now, who in hell is Phillips speaking for? Note the word, *shrewdly*, which bestows approbation upon Dostoyevsky's obscurantism, and the subordination of the belief in God to self-realization, a formula utterly alien to Dostoyevsky. Yet no court of law would entertain the suggestion that Phillips has expressed any ideas of his own—here or elsewhere. Burning candles at all altars, he is prepared to snatch them away as soon as any particular divinity falls into disgrace.

In another passage, Phillips, commenting on the romantic revolt against science, introduces "a more theoretical strain expressing anxiety over the growth of the scientific spirit" which "has emerged in Western thought, mostly leaning toward the religious, but found also among some disillusioned 'radicals' today and some of the Existentialists. Not only does it attribute the dreaded mechanization of life to the spread of scientific belief, but it makes the more fundamental criticism that the scientific approach cannot yield moral values." In the following paragraph Phillips characterizes any attempt to create a cult of the irrational as "thoroughly retrograde and lacking in seriousness." Yet he has just described the attack on a scientific approach toward ethics as "fundamental." He is a "disillusioned radical" by profession. And his magazine, *Partisan Review*, was the first to hail Existentialism in the person of Sartre (if not he, who are "some" of the others?) In fact, one second later Phillips indulges in some choice existentializing himself: "Like the Existentialists, Dostoyevsky tried to come to grips with man's most immediate experience, with his inner torments and the inescapable presence of death, and to bring man into the orbit of mankind (*sic*) by discovering the more moral or more human side of the individual." Even this tasteful sentence, however, is followed by an equivocation which questions Dostoyevsky's theory but asserts that it did inspire "the remarkable artistic verities of his fiction." Artful Mr. Phillips, what are you after?

It is the Soviet Union, it is socialism you are after. Dubbing Dostoyevsky's politics shamefully reactionary does not prevent Phillips from finding him a political prophet who was "dedicated to *what he conceived to be* (italics by me as another example of Phillips' doubletalk) the true destiny — and therefore the spiritual freedom — of the Russian people." Indeed, he finds backwardness itself to be a revolutionary force, citing India, China and Italy as countries where "the most advanced social outlooks have not uncommonly been grounded in religiosity, non-violence and a substitution of spiritual for political action." Perhaps Mr. Phillips will try to convince us that the Pope, Confucius and Gandhi represent the most advanced social outlooks of their respective countries. But the fact is that wherever supernaturalism has attached itself to a revolutionary movement, as in peasant-bourgeois revolutions, it has to greater or lesser degree hampered and retarded that movement. It has been necessary for the people's leaders to help them to conduct an ideological struggle against all forms of spiritualism and to emerge from the darkness of their past. This is certainly the attitude of the Communist Parties of those countries to which Phillips refers. Or is he looking for the most advanced social outlooks among the worshippers of white elephants, hundred-armed gods, and the blood of Saint Januarius? You can never tell where Mr. Phillips will end up.

Why this glorification of "spiritual"




**NEWS ITEM: With characteristic suddenness the Soviet Union refused to concede the point . . . a point which is in itself highly suspicious and is a clear indication that it is a clear indication of the issues involved.**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—that is, supernatural, superhuman—solutions? Obviously, to forestall any resort to political action, the radical movement having itself "made the painful discovery through actual historical experience [for which read the Russian Revolution and the Soviet Union] that its most cherished ends have foundered on the choice of means." And who was the prophet of that catastrophe? Why, Dostoyevsky, of course, though Phillips cannot make up his mind whether it was his backwardness or his insight that inspired him.

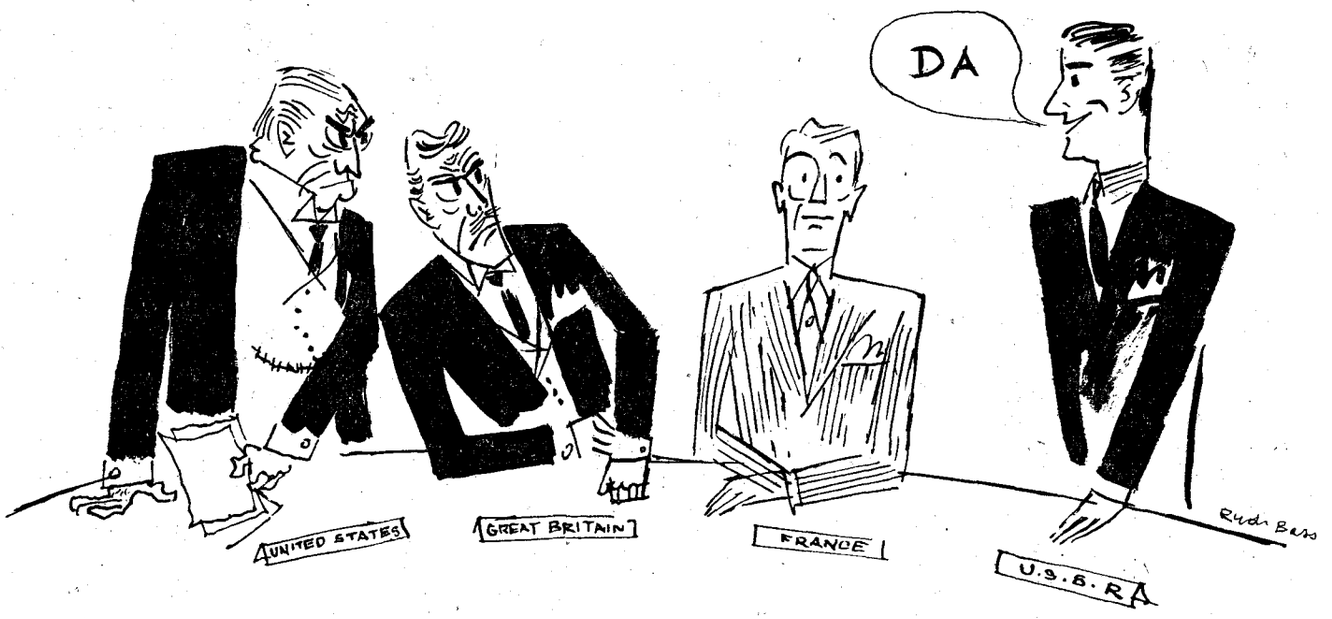
Here is a new low in belles lettres. The critic, rummaging through the season's wardrobe of bedraggled ideas, picks out two or three likely items. He rents them for the occasion, with the understanding that he can return them when they become unfashionable. If someone admires them, he can take credit for good taste; if he is attacked, he can disclaim ownership. He propounds theories, feeling no obligation to elaborate upon them, allowing others to sweat over borrowed notions which he lacks conscience or energy to develop. He hints at political judgments and accusations, at anti-Sovietism and the like, without even specifying the objects of his attack, hoping that his undocumented arguments will be tacitly embraced and their veracity taken for granted. He constructs arguments which he is not prepared to defend; does he expect to be taken up on the issue of ends and means, which he got on consignment from Koestler? Fat chance that anyone should give a quart's worth of effort for his thimbleful of ideas. You cannot argue too long with a man who does not say what he means, and who writes as though he were secretly ashamed of himself. But it is necessary to show where his doubletalk leads to: a flat denial of the power of reason or social action to better the condition of humanity or to affect its destiny.

A THIRD type of equivocation is to be found in Diana Trilling's introduction to *The Portable D. H. Lawrence*.* Mrs. Trilling at least does us the favor of admitting that Lawrence could not honestly be called a revolutionary, "in the limited contemporary sense of the word." But that he was a reactionary and proto-fascist is an equally abhorrent suggestion to her. It is true, she agrees, that he opposed the Russian Revolution; that he set up his idea of blood consciousness to any new form of social organization; that he believed the replacing of his blood consciousness by mental consciousness to have tragic and wasteful consequences; that he attacked modern woman for her feminism; that he found the struggles of civilized life to be rooted in the "primary" struggle for sexual power; and that for the greater part of his life he believed that the working class deserved its fate because it was lacking in the male principle and psychology of authority.

All this, however, is beside the point for Mrs. Trilling. We must not believe that Lawrence means what he says, but rather hunt for the deeper meanings and more mysterious implications of his words. That is because "Lawrence's ideas are essentially poetic ideas, by which I mean that they suggest more than they state and that, read literally, they are read mistakenly or inadequately." In other words, we must separate his poetic vision from its application, though Lawrence himself never did so, and never intended that we should either. Perhaps Mrs. Trilling will tell us that Ezra Pound's use of the word "kike" over *Radio Roma* should also not be taken literally but in a "poetic sense." Alas, we must reject these fine distinctions. Lawrence, like Pound, was a fascist in his outlook and neither his great talent nor Mrs. Trilling's twisting and turning will make him anything else. So now the question is: just what version of Lawrence is Mrs. Trilling defending? What is *her* kettle of fish?

Mrs. Trilling is against the artist's being made to assume social responsibilities. He should instead, like Lawrence, be a "spokesman for the self and the self's mysterious possibili-

* THE PORTABLE D. H. LAWRENCE, *edited and with an introduction by Diana Trilling. Viking.* $2.00.




**NEWS ITEM: With characteristic suddenness the Soviet Union decided to concede the point . . . a point which in itself is highly suspicious. Measured against the background of previous backgrounds it certainly threatens our position by failing to do so.**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties." We never learn what those mysterious possibilities are, for Mrs. Trilling is immediately off on another tack. But getting down to earth, she makes it quite plain that all artists must be snobs, "since all art represents a privileged view of life, all artists are privileged members of society by assumption." If not by income, Mrs. Trilling. It is only natural that a snob like Lawrence, or his alter ego and impresario, Mrs. Trilling, should have nothing but distaste for the "mean sterile ways" and the "money-grubbing of an emasculated proletariat." For it, along with the rest of the sick world, she recommends "fierce surgery" and the "most drastic therapy" —like the knife of D. H. Lawrence. (Her class hatred acquires both the terminology and the ferocity of sexual hostility.) So we are not far from fascism after all, despite the poetry, the visions and the other Wagnerian properties.

Every such kettle of fish has, of course, its red herring. This one does not turn out so badly. We are solemnly informed that Bolshevism is worse than capitalism because "looked to as a step-in-progress, it is that much more than capitalism a step in the progression of our civilized consciousness."

In other words, communism is an evil-in-itself *just because it stands for progress, because it strives to give all men the opportunity to develop their intellectual faculties!* Need one say more?

Thus three prominent anti-Marxist-specialist intellectuals reveal themselves, each with a fashionable line of goods to sell: that art and reason are inharmonious; that art is wedded to neurosis; and that the artist is uncommitted, if not alien to, society. The reader must soon have been aware, though, that these thoughts were not aimed at the artist alone. They are expressions of people with a misanthropic distrust of their fellows, contemptuous of others' aspirations and potentialities, trying wildly to make the solitude, to which their vanity has driven them, seem romantic and infinitely desirable. Yet is not this vanity an overtone of fear? For them the crisis of capitalism is the day of doom. Each one looks at his watch and cries, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" and hurries off to the land of the Mad Hatter's tea party, where nobody listens to anyone else. Unlike Alice, we have no time to follow them below ground.

# YOUR TIME IS MY TIME

***Fifteen minutes doesn't count—but it adds up to millions in profits. A look into portal-to-portal.***

## By ELIZABETH LAWSON

In Charlie Chaplin's film *Modern Times* there is an unforgettable incident in which Charlie's automanufacturer boss makes the experiment of feeding him by a mechanical device as he continues to tighten nuts on the assembly-line. The idea isn't nearly as incredible as it might seem to a movie-goer unversed in our economy, for in many an American textile mill —to mention just one industry—workers manage a sandwich and coke with one hand while the other still tends shuttle or loom, warper or spooler. "In its werewolf hunger for surplus labor," wrote Karl Marx just eighty years ago, "capital higgles over a mealtime, incorporating it where possible with the process of production itself, so that food is given to the laborer as to a mere means of production, as coal is supplied to the boiler, grease and oil to the machinery."

Both the comedy movie scene and Marx's biting analysis flashed across my mind as I read the pronouncement of Judge Frank A. Picard after he had considered for a second time the Mt. Clemens Pottery case.

How direct was the pressure that induced Judge Picard to reverse himself upon finding that his first decision had laid the basis for a flood of portal-to-portal pay suits? Will historians one day discover letters similar to those discovered in 1910 from Supreme Court Justice Catron to President-elect Buchanan and from Buchanan to Supreme Court Justice Grier, written while the Dred Scott case was under consideration and urging a pro-slavery opinion upon the Court? Or are the capitalists of 1947 cagier than the slaveholders of 1857, committing no orders of this kind to paper? Were the fulminations and anathemas in the press and on the radio, by Attorney-General Clark, by the leaders of the NAM, by Senators and Congressmen, damning the original judgment, sufficient to bring about the reversal without direct command?

At the moment, I don't know. But I do know what the Bureau of the Census has to tell me. And it has amazing relevance to the second decision of Judge Frank Picard.

"If the opinions, administrative letters, regulations and decisions of our courts were followed," said Judge Picard, "this would warrant any industry, including this defendant, in not computing less than twenty or twenty-five minutes a day, in walking time and preliminary activities, as compensable."

The essence of the ruling is that any period of less than twenty or twenty-five minutes spent in make-ready or walking time is too picayune to trouble our courts. The doctrine upon which Judge Picard relied—after receiving a virtual directive from Attorney-General Clark—was *de minimis non curat lex;* the law cares not for trifles.

How trifling is time less than twenty minutes? Even if only one worker is employed, the resulting product, over the course of a year, is no trifle. But take into account the whole number of workers, and the number of days in a working year, and we get a dizzy pyramiding, a precipitous snowballing, of values.

The last year for which the Bureau of the Census has compiled the value added in manufacture is 1939. In that year, value added in manufacture was $24,682,918,000. Value added in manufacture is *new value* created by workers in any particular work process. To find the total value of goods produced, we should have to add the value of machinery, buildings, raw



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

materials, fuel, light and so on — briefly, the value of the means of production used up. The new value includes both the replacement of the value of the workers' labor-power—roughly speaking, the wages advanced —and the surplus value or profit.

The average number of wage-workers employed in 1939 was 7,886,567.

Basing ourselves, as is customary, on an eight-hour day and a working year of 300 days, we find that, in 1939, there were 18,927,760,800 working hours.

Dividing the total value created in manufacture by the number of hours worked, we discover that the average worker added a value of $1.30 per hour.* In fifteen minutes, he produced one-fourth of this value, or thirty-two cents.

Multiplying thirty-two cents by 300 working days, we see that in this extra fifteen minutes a day:

| | *A Year* |
|---|---|
| 1 worker produced | $96 |
| 10 workers produced | $960 |
| 100 workers produced | $9,600 |
| 1,000 workers produced | $96,000 |
| 10,000 workers produced | $960,000 |
| 100,000 workers produced | $9,600,000 |

Thus a firm with 100,000 workers pocketed an additional $9,600,000 yearly because of the additional fifteen minutes a day. A firm like General Motors, now a party to a portal-to-portal pay suit by the United Auto Workers, in 1939 employed 220,000 workers, and would therefore receive, in the extra fifteen minutes, $21,120,000.

Since all of this was unpaid time, no deduction need be made for wages.

More than $21,000,000 for one firm alone! A trifle indeed! Our courts do not concern themselves with such trifles—provided the trifles find their way to the capitalists' wallets, and not to the workers'.

Mind you, this is not the total profit. It is merely the *extra* profit created in the *extra* fifteen minutes of unrequited work beyond the legal eight-hour working day.

Yet these 1939 figures are too low for 1946, since productivity—what one man can produce in one hour—has increased twenty percent, and the number of workers employed in large manufacturing companies has risen.

I have deliberately committed two underestimations. The value created in fifteen minutes was not thirty-two, but 32½ cents. Again, I have based my estimate on fifteen, rather than nineteen or 19½ minutes, which Judge Picard declares to be likewise not compensable. I have done all this in order that no lover of capitalist economy, while holding forth on the "silk-shirt" spending habits and living standards of American workers, might accuse me of exaggeration!

WHY this insistence of the capitalists upon prolonging the working day even by fifteen minutes? Why their anxiety over such a "trifle"? Why this determination to nibble away

*A reader of this article in manuscript raises the question: Does labor spent in *make-ready or walking time create value*, since no manufactured products result directly upon completion of this labor? The answer is yes; any labor engaged in any process necessary to manufacture (or to transportation, shipping, storage, refrigeration, packing) is part of the total process of production, and is therefore value-creating. If any of these processes were not necessary to manufacture, the time-and-motion study experts would long ago have abolished them. Of course, if the worker were to stop after the make-ready or walking time and do nothing further, no value *would be created. But this would be equally* true if the manufacturing process were to stop short of any step up to the very last. We should then be led to take the position that only the final step in any manufacturing process—for example, putting tires on the otherwise completed automobile—is value-creating. This position is obviously untenable. The first, or preparatory stages in manufacturing, are as necessary as the intermediate or the final stages, and as much a part of the process of creating value.

# *THE RIVETERS* *by Sidney Alexander*

Wandering the city's streets, I heard
the monstrous chatter of the riveters;
and looked up, and saw them as they soared
in fiery plumage in their iron cage,
or perched upon the girders: hammering
with electric beaks . . . woodpeckers of rage . . .

One I recall, straddled on the steel,
flung back his head and laughed . . .
a tiny chuckle
fluttered to the street—feather of
a passing bird . . . mysterious messenger! . . .
I did not hear more than a drop of all that laughter;
And then he rose, spreading his arms like wings,
and disappeared into the structure's maze.

And I, still gazing from the valley of the street,
dreamed him as one who from great heights looks down
upon an unheroic world of miniatures:
safety of sidewalks: boredom of beds:
little lives crawling below—
bacterial—viewed through a lens—
Or, as a pilot sees, with fearful love,
the veiled bride of earth he soars above.

Or one who, drunk with danger, sees the sun
plunge rivet-red into the pail of bay
Till golden steam enshrouds the vertical city;
Or, from his giant perspective, smiles upon
Toy boats, toy trains, toy people . . .
all the pity
washed away: the agony, the wrong—
And I saddened that men may build away from men,
And Babel-towers grow in a single tongue . . .

Writing such legends in the air, those riveters,
Figures in the sodden New York sky,
Hammering upon a self-made cage
Stamped here and there with the ironic name—
Bethlehem!—O steel of Bethlehem!—
And I walked away . . . and angels were aflame . . .



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the rules laid down by the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, whereby hours of work in industries affecting interstate commerce were cut to forty?

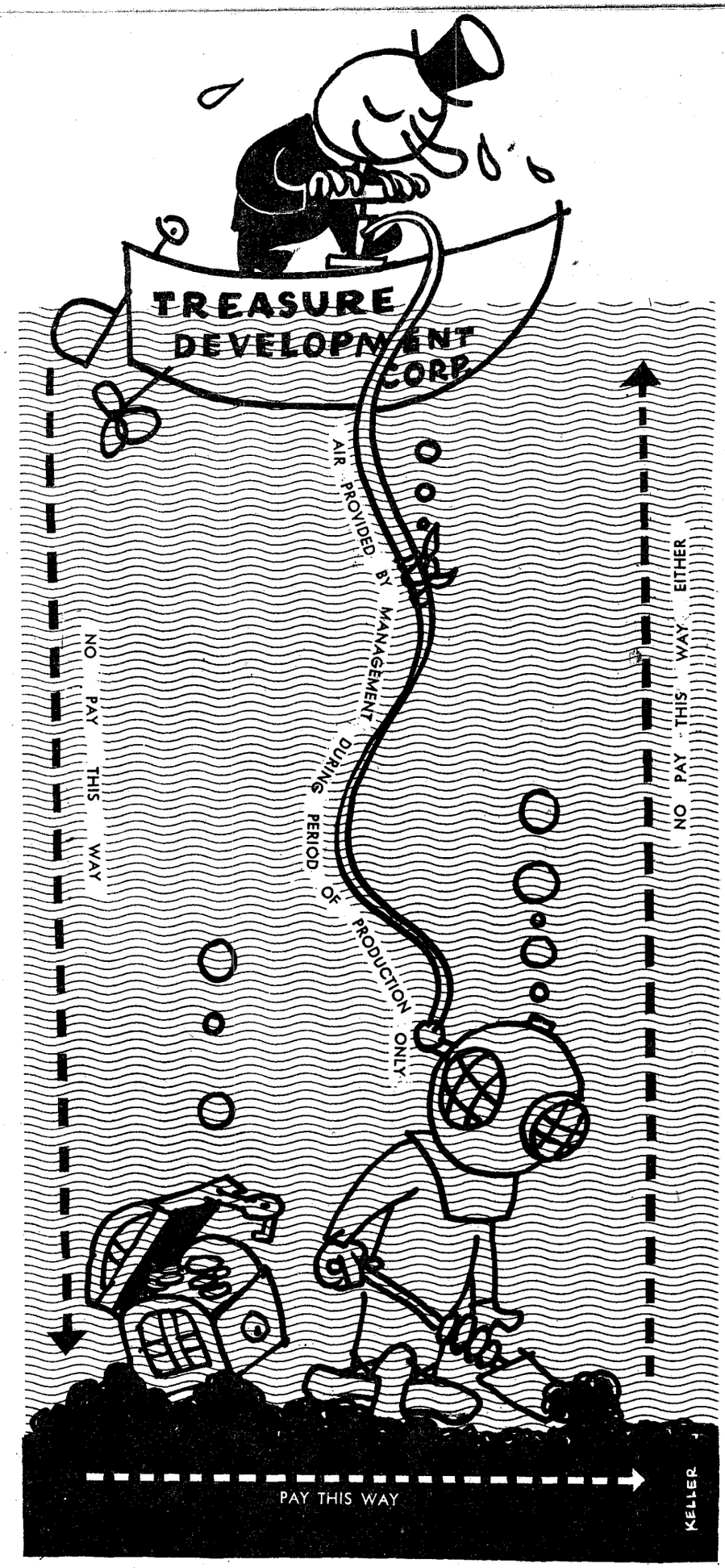
*That portion of the working day which an employe works, beyond the time needed for reproduction of his wages, is the source of all capitalist profit.*

"Capital," says Marx, "is dead labor, that vampire-like, only lives by sucking living labor, and lives the more, the more labor it sucks." Any increase in the length of the working day Marx terms an increase in *absolute surplus value*. Increase in working time is the simplest method of reaping more profits, and, until the practice was checked by the mighty battles for a shorter work-day, the favorite method. It involves the installation of no new machinery, no costly inventions, no rearrangement of the work process, no elaborate speed-up plans, no expensive "efficiency engineers," no Taylors or Bedeaux. And if the increase can be hidden in an abbreviated lunch-hour, or in unpaid make-ready or walking time, so much the better, for the workers may not at once recognize the fraud, and when they do—well, there is always a Judge Picard or an Attorney-General Clark!

Thus Marx relates: " 'If you allow me,' said a highly respectable master to me, 'to work [my men] only ten minutes in the day overtime, you put one thousand [pounds] a year in my pocket.' 'Moments are the elements of profit.' "

The fight for portal-to-portal pay is in the finest tradition of American labor. It continues the struggle begun in 1791, when journeymen carpenters in Philadelphia struck for a shorter workday. It follows in the path of Parsons and Spies and Lingg and the other martyrs of the Haymarket frame-up and leaders of the movement for the eight-hour day. For a workday which includes nineteen minutes of additional unpaid time is not an eight-hour day at all, but a day of eight hours and nineteen minutes. That is why Marx, concluding his magnificent chapter in *Capital* on "The Working Day," writes:

"In place of the pompous catalogue of the 'inalienable rights of man' comes the modest Magna Charta of a legally limited working day, which shall make clear 'when the time which the worker sells is ended, and when his own begins.' "


TREASURE DEVELOPMENT CORP.
AIR PROVIDED BY MANAGEMENT DURING PERIOD OF PRODUCTION ONLY
NO PAY THIS WAY
NO PAY THIS WAY EITHER
PAY THIS WAY
KELLER



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE DELEGATE

***"You, Tom?" the bartender whispered. The man gave a big sigh. "Yes," he said, and went to tell Halloran's wife that her husband was dead.***

## *A Short Story by PHILLIP BONOSKY*

ONE by one they filed into the taproom and lined up against the bar. The bartender, after a glance at their faces, without a word distributed tiny glasses along the bar and filled each with whisky. The men drained these off and again he filled them.

They still had on their ribbed mining helmets, their working shoes, their heavy shirts and the thick underwear under them. The diggers had not washed and their faces were masked with coal-dust; the whites of their eyes gleamed. Their lips too were white, washed by drink and their tongues.

The bartender, an old man with a crisscross scarred face, moved to the end of the bar and raised his head questioningly.

The miner there drank his whisky down and said looking at the glass steadily: "Halloran."

The other nodded.

The talk began in a subdued tone. Someone wanted to know how many children Halloran left behind and was told four, all of school age. It was noted that Halloran had attended the last local meeting, the first in a long time, but hadn't spoken—as a matter of fact he had come to pay his burial assessment.

They shook their heads at this irony.

Then they went on to remember how he always stopped in to have one beer before his streetcar came; where he always stood at the same place at the bar—the bartender showed where, and the man standing at the spot moved a little aside. They remembered how lucky he'd been the year before when he'd overslept and come to work two hours late, just in time to see them carrying out his buddy who'd been killed by a slide of stone.

It seemed odd that he should have escaped by such luck then only to get it this time. He had come into the barroom that day and drank six straight and then gone home singing an Irish song. Some felt he should have shown more respect for the man who got it and less open satisfaction that he himself had not. Still, this was easily understood.

They drank as they talked and unknowingly their minds ran off to other things and Halloran was forgotten, it seemed. That the Fourth of July picnic was on the way and the contract had clauses in it none of them had approved of, but what could you do? Did they have autonomy? They cursed the Operators and the Safety Committee—all of whom must have been bribed by the Operators, they now decided. They'd pull the men out of the pit until real safety measures were introduced. It was a death-trap, they said heavily.

From time to time one of the men detached himself and let himself out of the door and this kept happening until only three were left huddled on the far end of the bar while the rest of the bar stared empty. They were whispering. The bartender stood off by himself and rubbed the bar with a wet cloth.

The three talked in low, burry voices, leaning into each other's faces. Finally, the two patted the third one on the back and started toward the door, which for some reason stuck for them and had to be opened by the bartender. They kept thanking him as they departed down the street.

The last man left at the bar raised his head when the bartender came back and pushed his glass a trifle forward. The bartender filled it to the brim. "You, Tom?" he whispered and the other nodded; he gave a big sigh, raised his glass and drank it off with one swoop.

"Yes," he said.

His hair was gray above the ears, though black enough on the rest of his head; his face had deep runnels in it that looked carved by knife but were only time and work.

He nodded and repeated: "Yes . . ." His head went on nodding by itself. The bartender watched him, poising the bottle. They said nothing for a long while. Tom's head finally stopped nodding but his eyes remained fixed on the brass spittoon on the floor. Slowly he reached for his glass again, found it filled, drank and turned for the door without checking with the bartender.

"Good-night," the bartender said, sounding as if nobody was in the room but himself.

OUTSIDE, Tom Hanlon pulled himself together with a determined shudder and walked stiffly to the car-stop. There he fished out a handful of coins and searched painstakingly among them for a dime and held it tightly between his fingers, and so holding it waited for the car to come.

He overrode his stop and had to walk back to where Piney Fork branched off the highway. Here a cinder-spread road led off with a red-bottomed creek beside it. He walked along, his lips moving as if he were counting his steps.

Around the hill the Camp showed. It was made up of four rows of long-ago-faded red houses on both sides of the creek. There was a scratchy garden behind each section of house, a shed with chickens going in and out of the cracks, a dog; half way up the hill some cows. Looking up the hill he was startled to see that the sky was blue and stopped in his tracks with his head upraised.

He shook himself finally, then screwed his eyes together. He was uncertain which house it was he had to enter and studied two of them for a while before he decided. His knock on the door brought a tow-headed boy to open it. Behind him was the now-widow, Emily Halloran. She was half-turned from the stove where a supper was cooking and her apron was gathered up in her hands.

"It's you, Tom," she said, peering into his eyes.

"Ah," Tom cried, avoiding her gaze. "What a wonderful smell coming from that stove!" He smelled



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oudly, reached for the little boy and ushed a coin in his hands, muttering: Run, run."

"Sit down, please Tom," the woman said earnestly. She turned from him, lifted the tops from the pans, peered into them and deliberately removed them, one by one, from the coal-stove fire. Then she collected the children—four of them—and took them into the next room. When she came back, she took her apron off and went to the cupboard. From it she brought a bottle and poured two inches in a glass and put it into Tom's hands.

"No, no, Emily," he protested sadly, but took it and drained it. Then, when it was gone, he had to look into her eyes. *Julia's? His own Julia's?* Desperately he wiped her from in front of his eyes.

"I—" he started; again he started: "Emily, I—" He rose to his feet and leaned up against the wall. "Emily," he said hoarsely, "it's bad news."

She stiffened on her chair.

"Tom?" she said, leaning forward slightly. She was thin and her face showed all the bones, especially the painful cheekbones that seemed to stretch the skin. She was the daughter of a Pole, Tom remembered. *Julia, too. Julia?*

He had not felt drunk until then, and now it seemed that it came with a rush and his head began to whirl and he felt himself leaning forward toward the floor. He was crying suddenly, wiping the tears hopelessly with his big dirty hand.

She said nothing but watched him. Noises from the other room disturbed her and she whispered automatically: "Billy, stop hitting Joey," but Billy couldn't have heard. Her lips had hardly moved and her eyes hadn't flickered.

Tom sank on his chair and laid his head on the table. A river flowed over him pinning him down. Then he heard her voice.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Hanlon," she said with reproachful respect. "Coming to my house, drunk and everything. It hurts me for you to come to tell me like this and . . ." She started to weep, wiping her eyes with the hem and her dress. She got up and went to the stove and looked at her pans again and for some reason she went to the window and parted the curtains to look out.

The kids in the next room started an uproar and she went in to them. "Go outside," she cried. "Go outside." And they all came in a rush past Tom and left the door open. He closed it, saying to himself: "Like my Tommy."

She brought a dish out of the cupboard and filled it with stew and put

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it down before Tom. She brought some coffee, too, and filled a large mug, which had a laughing fat man painted on it. She poured coffee for herself and sat down to drink it.

"Did he suffer some?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Quick, quick," he said eagerly. "It was all over—quick—"

"I'm glad for that," she said; again she wiped her eyes.

He discovered the food before him and picked up a fork and lifted a potato. "It's good stew," he commented, tasting.

"Only the potatoes and the chuck meat," she said. "No carrots, no turnips. Onions, though. He told me be sure."

He nodded understandingly, drank some coffee. Then he got up and said: "I can't eat your food, Mrs. Halloran. Don't ask me, it's not for this I came—" He made a motion across his face as if he were clearing it and said: "It wasn't me chose to come and I'm ashamed to come drunk. To come drunk and unwashed—" He lifted his big hands and looked at them. "With the dirt on them yet—"

"Eat a little," she said. "There'll be enough for all of us."

"I'll be going now," he said. "They'll be bringing him home soon. My wife, Julia, will be here and you're not to bother with anything. The children we'll take, too. You're not to worry—" He had his hand on the door-knob. "We'll take care of everything for you; there's nothing to worry you—"

Blindly he struggled with the door-knob, then plunged out into the bit of yard beyond the stoop. A chicken squalled. He began to run heavily down the road, scattering cinder around him. He didn't stop running even when the hill was turned and the Camp could no longer be seen. The motorman of the street-car saw him coming and waited for him.

HE FELT sober and aged as he came up the path to his own house. Inside he heard crying and opened the door. At the sight of him, his wife turned pale. "Tom!" she cried. "It's you, Tom!" She burst into tears and he looked at her wonderingly.

With affection long ago forgotten he put his arm around her shoulder and brought her head on his chest. "Why, Julie!" he said with surprise, smoothing her hair with his free hand. The children had been struck silent and were staring at him with big eyes.

"There, now," he hushed her. "What can it be?"

But there were only the sobs and he led her to a chair and sat her down on it. "Kids," he said, "what have you been doing to your poor mother?" His voice was so sad the kids dropped their eyes.

He let her cry herself out, finding a clean handkerchief for her. When she was done, blowing her nose, she got up and stepped over to the oldest boy and smacked him across the face. The boy's face hardly winced and his eyes scarcely flickered. His hands were in his pockets and stayed there.

"You, Tommy!" she cried, "You, you!" She turned back to Tom and sobbed: "He came running home telling me you were dead in the mine, killed, he said, dead, dead . . ." And fresh sobs tore her.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "There, Julie—not me, not me. Say, here I am, safe. See!"

He took her in his arms again and said to Tommy: "Why did you scare your poor mother. . . ." And the boy dug deeper into his pockets.

Softly he spoke in her ear: "You'll have to hurry over to Mrs. Halloran's, poor girl. . . ."

She wiped her tears and went into the next room and put on her coat. When she was dressed she said to him: "The meat's in the oven keeping hot for you." At the door she stopped ar asked: "Halloran—Bill Halloran?"

He nodded.

"Then it was—?"

"Yes, the boy mistook him for me.

She gasped. "Oh!"

She hurried out of the house an Tom sat at the table without speal ing. He motioned his boy over to hi finally and put his arm around him.

"Never do that again, Tommy, he warned softly.

"I heard them talking, Poppa," th boy said, beginning to cry. "They sai the rock fell in and you—you—"

"There," Tom said soothing hin "You gave your poor mother an un needed shock." He motioned his tw other children to come to him an circling them with his arms, said "You'll be having some little friend to stay with you for a couple of day and you're to promise me to pla nicely with them. Will you promise?'

They nodded their heads together

"And when your mother come home," he added, "I want all of yo to go to bed without any noise lik good boys and girls. And you, Eliza beth—" He drew his youngest chil to him more closely— "And you Elizabeth, you're not to want a drinl of water, and you'll be a good girl.'

"Yes, Poppa," she promised.

He patted them again and releasec them. He closed his eyes for a long moment and when he opened them again his face was a little less grave and with a smile he said to Tommy

"You can take off your weary olc Dad's shoes now, Tommy, while I'l be counting to twenty. . . ."

**NEXT WEEK IN NEW MASSES**

***"What About the NMU?"***

**Everybody is asking: what is happening to the National Maritime Union? How come Joe Curran is Red-baiting? What is his beef with the Communists? Why did he really resign from the Committee for Maritime Unity? What is his deal with Harry Lundberg?**

**You will get the answers to these questions in an important article next week by Frederick N. Myers, veteran seaman and unionist. He describes the problems of the NMU today in the face of the shipowners' drive to smash the union, and tells how these issues must be met if the NMU is to survive.**

## Buffalo Adds Up

(*Continued from page* 10)

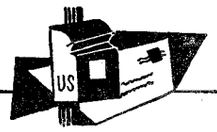
the teachers in New York City. They were bitter over Dewey's commissioner of education issuing an ultimatum that they return to work or lose their jobs by having their certificates revoked. In Buffalo the teachers call a good many things by different names but they all amount to the same thing. In the entire history of the United States—171 years—there have been only seventeen teachers' strikes, with fifteen of them crowded into the last five months. Buffalo's walkout has been the biggest yet. There is motion and life and change in the most unexpected places.

(*This article was written before the strike settlement was announced.*)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# mail call




## The Eisler Case: Our Readers Speak

*The following letters are a small sampling of the many we have received on this subject. We welcome these expressions of opinion of course, but we also urge that readers write to their Congressmen demanding that the Un-American Committee be dissolved immediately and to Attorney General Tom Clark that Gerhart Eisler be released from custody and allowed to return home.*

TO NEW MASSES: I must say that your editorial (NM February 25) on the Eisler case and the Un-American Committee truck home. It struck home because I had sort of forgotten about the committee. During the war years it did not command screaming headlines, and besides I was away in Italy behind a machinegun. So Dies slipped my mind. I thought too that his defeat in Texas meant the end of his work and that the committee was so discredited that it could never pick up where it had left off.

I am obviously mistaken, just as I am mistaken about a lot of things which I thought the war would end. But that is another matter. What offends me to the core is that some of my hard-earned money in the form of taxes goes to the support of this witch-hunt. It's a strange thing that at a time when everybody is talking about reducing the budget none of the big mouths in Congress say anything about shaving off the expense list what it costs to keep the Congressional gestapo going. I remember also how Dyson Carter in his recent article on cancer pointed out that the medical men have not received a nickel for research into this disease. It's a bitter irony that saving lives seems to be much less important than keeping Rankin and Thomas on the job of ruining the reputations of honest men. As for Eisler I'll simply say that if the Un-American Committee doesn't like him he is OK with me. This is a sure way of measuring who your friends are and who your enemies.

San Francisco. R. T. GUBERMAN.

TO NEW MASSES: Frankly I did not need your editorial on Eisler to convince me that great injustice is being done the man. Recently he spoke in Chicago in his own behalf. I sat in back of the hall a little bored. But when Eisler began speaking I was almost jolted out of my seat. The man is magnificent. Even with his poor English he managed to convey more than any statement in the finest English prose can. The man's earnestness, his biting sarcasm, the simple way in which he told his story, his sense of confidence—all were very powerful. I don't wonder now that the Department of Justice is keeping him behind bars. The man is positively a menace to every tinhorn fuehrer in this country. If he could speak in five key spots of the United States each with an audience of no more than a thousand people he would soon enough be sent home. To listen to him is to understand that this man is an anti-fascist in the most profound sense of the word. Germany needs this kind of mind to educate it in the meaning of democracy. But perhaps that's what Rankin and J. Edgar Hoover are afraid of.

Chicago. HERBERT C. GREEN.

TO NEW MASSES: What in heaven's name is this country coming to? I've lived here in New England for sixty-nine years. I've seen lots of trouble and I've seen good days. I remember the Palmer raids in which, if memory serves me rightly, Edgar Hoover was one of the kingpins. But this business with Eisler is the lowest, meanest thing yet. I don't mind telling you, as I have told the Attorney General in a letter, that this stinks to high heaven. Under our Constitution I suppose anyone can be as big a fool as he likes but there is nothing in it that condones treachery.

I never heard of Eisler and I learned about him only after a friend gave me your article. I can only say that my father and his are turning over in their graves. I'm sure they thought that both New England and the country were done with witchcraft. But here it is all over again. Years ago I would have ended this letter by saying God help us. Now I can only say God help them—the blind idiots.

Worcester. C. L. WOODWARD.

TO NEW MASSES: In the middle Twenties I was a student in Germany where I prepared for the teaching profession. I saw the beginnings of the Nazi movement. I thought this was a fly-by-night affair. Later, years later, I changed my mind. Then after the defeat of the Nazis I thought we were finished with them. I hate to believe that we are not but it seems as though we are far from finished. This Eisler fiasco is something that gives me the same feeling I had when I saw the gangs of storm-troopers marching through Berlin. Only this time they sit in comfortable chairs in a House hearing room. They call themselves the Un-American Committee. I am glad that Eisler is not an American, if being such means that he would have to consider anything anti-fascist as sinister and conspiratorial. Fortunately the majority of Americans will not kow-tow to Rankin's definition of what is American and what is not.

Camden. A SCHOOL TEACHER.

### FIFTY PROMINENT AMERICANS PROTEST

THE shameful persecution of Gerhart Eisler has moved a group of more than fifty prominent Americans to issue a statement calling on Congress to abolish the "most un-American" House Committee on Un-American Activities and urging President Truman to effect Eisler's immediate release. The statement was released by the Civil Rights Congress.

"The hysterical atmosphere contrived around this case on a nationwide scale," the statement declares, "indicates that this incident, involving a German Communist kept here against his will, is intended as the initial phase of a sweeping attack upon the entire labor and progressive movement in the United States."

Among the signers of the statement are Thomas Mann; Bishop Arthur W. Moulton of Salt Lake City; Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois; Garson Kanin; Carey McWilliams; Francis Fisher Kane, Philadelphia attorney; Dr. D. V. Jemison, president of the National Baptist Convention; Max Weber; William Zorach; Prof. J. P. Peters of the Yale School of Medicine; Rabbi Michael Alper; Earl B. Dickerson, president of the National Bar Association; Elmer Benson, ex-governor of Minnesota; former Rep. Ellis Patterson; Dashiell Hammett; Prof. Vida D. Scudder; Rockwell Kent; Mrs. Christine S. Smith of the National Association of Colored Women; William J. Schieffelin; Stella Adler; Rev. John W. Darr Jr., executive secretary of the United Christian Council for Democracy; Rev. Jack McMichael, executive secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service; Prof. Leroy Waterman of the University of Michigan; Philip Evergood; John Howard Lawson; Dan Gillmor; Katherine Locke; Prof. Gene Weltfish of Columbia University.

The American Civil Liberties Union has also protested Eisler's arrest in a letter to Attorney General Tom Clark.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# review and comment

## TRUTH WITH ANGER

***The auto workers, women's rights, Communists and socialism—Elizabeth Hawes takes her stand.***

**By A. B. MAGIL**

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME, *by Elizabeth Hawes. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.50.

EARLY in 1944 Elizabeth Hawes, a former dress designer and author of *Fashion Is Spinach* and three other books, went to work as an international representative in the education department of the nation's largest union, the United Automobile Workers-CIO. Prior to that she had gone into a war plant and become a member of the UAW. This book, dealing with the year she was on the UAW staff and with some events thereafter, is, as Miss Hawes puts it, "a report of what I have seen, heard, and experienced myself." And learned. For Elizabeth Hawes learned a great deal in that year, not only about the UAW and the auto industry, but about people—just ordinary working people—and about America and the men who own America.

Miss Hawes has come out of that experience ripping mad. This is one of the angriest books I have ever read—and one of the most truthful. The book's jacket gives the impression that it is an even-handed expose of unions and the NAM. It is nothing of the kind. Miss Hawes has a very active sense of social and moral values; she knows which side she's on and her indignation at human beastliness—the beastliness of the rich and powerful—erupts on every page. The truth of this book is not neutral because life is not neutral. It is an embattled truth turned hotly against the capitalist gods whose mills grind human beings not slowly though very fine. Written in salty, conversational American, *Hurry Up Please It's Time* is part personal narrative, part an inside account of several tough and exciting UAW organizing drives, part the story of a UAW woman organizer named Eve, who in a sense is the book's heroine, part argument for militant unionism *sans* Red-baiting, part plea for socialism ("her [the author's] unorthodox solution," the jacket discreetly calls it). If this gives the impression that *Hurry Up Please It's Time* is a melange of many things, well, perhaps it is. But it has an underlying unity, a drive, an urgency and passion that give it tremendous impact.

Elizabeth Hawes began her career as a UAW international representative in Detroit. Innocently she ventured to visit the friend of a New York friend in swanky Grosse Pointe, only to discover that between those who make cars and those who make profits there lies an impassable frontier. "In New York I might be able to cross boundary lines," she writes. "In Detroit one chose one's side of the barricades and kept on it." Having worked in Detroit at an earlier and even more difficult period when unionism was still underground, I know what she means. Miss Hawes chose. But Detroit was only a large-scale concentrated expression of a cleavage that was nationwide. Miss Hawes traveled a good deal for the union, and wherever she went she found the same barricades and the same people on either side.

I know of no other book that conveys so sharply, with almost tactile intensity, the life of a union organizer and the flesh and blood of an organizing campaign. The heartache, the disappointment, the patience, ingenuity and infinite labor that go into unionizing even a small factory fill one with a new respect for the men and women who for little pay devote their lives to this kind of work—the professional organizers so viciously maligned by the millionaire press. "What do I, or we get out of it personally?" Eve writes to the author. "And is it enough to make it worth taking such a beating? Pardon me if I sound mushy—I am opposed to that—but anyhow, when you see that you do some good through working like hell in this union—when you stop a foreman from pushing some guy or gal around—when you help them get a two-cent raise—when you see them begin to realize that they do not have to crawl to keep a job—then I get a feeling inside of me that nothing else in the world can give me."

Miss Hawes' special assignment was educational work among the factory women. And she gives her readers a sense of the searing servitude and indignity suffered by the majority of women in our society who are subjected not only to the special exploitative devices of the profit-hungry, but also to the petty tyranny, contempt and callousness (often unwitting) of the dominant male, including so many of the males who are themselves kicked around by the industrial overlords. And she also gives us revealing glimpses of how this social and sexual pattern sometimes corrodes relationships between union men and their wives.

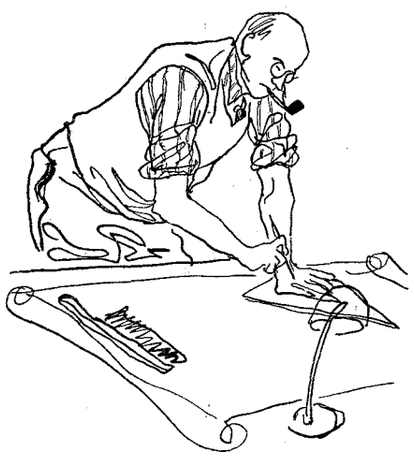
Perhaps the two most unusual features of the book are the treatment of Communists and its advocacy of socialism. They are unusual only because ours is a country in which the politically abnormal is *de rigueur*, in which the wolfish dominates the human—Rankin a statesman, Eisler a criminal—and the ideas that shape the destiny of entire nations and continents are regarded as a kind of bubonic plague. This makes it all the more refreshing to find a non-Communist writing of Communists — American Communists—as if they were actually members of the human race, paying tribute to what she considers their obvious virtues and criticizing what seem to her their faults. When this is combined with a vigorous assault on Red-baiting, in unions and out, with particular reference to Walter Reuther and his supporters in the UAW, you can appreciate the fabulous integrity and wisdom Miss Hawes displays. Of course, it ought not to be necessary to praise her for this, but under the circumstances she and her publishers, Reynal & Hitchcock, have shown high courage.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Hawes divides UAW officials nto Red-baiters and non-Red-baiters, he latter being also non-Communists. She cites instance after instance of the pernicious effects of Red-baiting with-n the union. And she points out: "So-called liberals who go about backing he Red-baiting divisions of unions sim-ply have no inkling of the type of group hey are backing. Once the leader of a group fosters Red-baiting, he is starting something which endangers action on the very thing the liberal wants to see happen . . . such as the election of a Roosevelt or the defeat of a Dewey." As for the Communists, while some of them "cursed you out and sometimes called you a Red-baiter n heated moments if you didn't follow heir line 100 percent, they still went ahead and assiduously worked for the union. Under the circumstances, if one believed in getting the union work done, one preferred the Communists to the Red-baiters, to put it mildly, and thus fell into the category which I have called non-Red-baiters."

Miss Hawes divides the Communists she encountered into the Catechismic type and the Common Communists. The latter were evidently in the majority. "The most irritating part of these Catechismic C's," she writes,



Irene Goldberg.

"was that they knew everything out of books and if life did not accord with the book, then life was wrong." Some of her criticisms of the "Catechismic Communists" seem exaggerated, yet I'm inclined to think she is essentially right. Just as there is a difference between dogmatic and creative Marxism (the dogmatic isn't Marxism at all), so there are Communists who express this difference in their practical work. Of the type of Communist she calls "the Common Comrade, or average CP member" she says that he "was unusually staunch in his belief that socialism was the right solution to our economic problems, and this unusual staunchness made him an unusually hard worker along whatever line he chose to go." And she quotes the non-Communist director of a UAW organizing drive in Baltimore as saying of these average Communists: "As far as I'm concerned, you can't win a drive without them. They do all the work, distribute the leaflets, sweep the hall, make the sandwiches. You know—they're the only ones who always turn up and can be depended upon."

THROUGHOUT the book Miss Hawes repeatedly conveys her feeling, documented vividly out of her own experience, that the struggle she describes between the hunters and the hunted in our society is relentless and irreconcilable. We're in rats' alley, she says—borrowing a phrase from T. S. Eliot. And we've got to get out. In her own words and through Eve's letters, so moving in their womanliness, their love of the people and their flaming hatred of all that maims the lives and spirit of the people, she points the way.

"In the long run," she writes, "we will have socialism—in fifty years or five hundred years. . . . The plot against the people of the USA consists in an endless and well-planned campaign on the part of capitalist interests to frighten us away from any attempt to find an exit from rats' alley. Intelligently, the major opponents of socialism themselves raise the issue." Miss Hawes, contrasting Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, refutes the effort to lump together fascism and socialism. "Personally," she continues, "I am for socialism. I have been for years, but my desire to see the USA become socialist was milder before I went to work in a plant and subsequently for the UAW. . . . Now I have seen with my eyes and understood in my heart and the weariness of my body, how capitalism today works on a large scale—against the happiness and best interests of *everyone* except the big-time, age-long exploiters."

It is a joy to read this plea for socialism—socialism in the USA—by this typically American woman who has surmounted the prejudices of her middle-class background and is clear-eyed and unafraid. Miss Hawes' is an empirical rule-of-thumb socialism rather than scientific in the Marxist sense, but it approximates the latter sufficiently to be valid and realistic. One could wish, however, that she had built up her case for socialism more fully. The major portion of the book, despite its revelations of the brutalities of the capitalist setup, is written on the trade union and anti-fascist level. In the structure of her argument the link with socialism is, I fear, too frail to be grasped by those who are not already disposed toward doing so. There is, moreover, some confusion in Miss Hawes' own conception of the relation between trade unionism and socialism. In one passage she states that "the trade unions can, and if they are not broken, will ultimately make socialism." This is, whether consciously or not, an echo of the syndicalist philosophy of which the IWW has been both the chief American exponent and proof of its utter fallaciousness. Trade unions, while indispensable aids in educating the workers, will by themselves, as Lenin showed forty-five years ago, make neither socialism nor socialists. For this a political party of socialism is necessary. Miss Hawes appears to sense this. "As of the fall of 1946, I belong to no political party. . . . Yet how can we unite to get jobs, security and peace? Only, I believe, in a political party led by people who understand as clearly as do our native fascists that our next economic system will and must be socialism." Yet both she and Eve evidently have reservations about the only party that fills this prescription. These reservations seem to center around misconceptions about the nature of democracy within the Communist Party — misconceptions which undoubtedly had a large measure of validity during the period of Earl Browder's leadership.

In arguing for socialism Miss Hawes also tends to ignore what is most immediate: the welding around a labor base of a people's coalition of workers, farmers and city middle-classes that will function independently of the two capitalist parties, challenging monopoly despotism and bringing to birth a new people's political party. Far from being in conflict with the struggle for socialism, such a movement can become one of the principal means of educating and organizing a majority of the people and setting their sights on the next historic stage.

Yet these are minor flaws in an ad-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mirable, vital book. Heart-warming is Miss Hawes' emphasis on the urgency of socialism, on its life-and-death importance for us today, not in some distant future. "Anyone who doesn't know what socialism is should find out," she writes at the end. "Those who know and are for it should come out and say so; begin to work for it no matter how long the pull. . . .

"Certainly the majority of people are not going out today either to vote socialism in at the polls or to set up the barricades. But if the majority of people do not immediately start toward peace and socialism, tomorrow we will have war and fascism. Let us make up our minds what we want, what immediate action to take to reach our objectives, and start acting.

"IT'S TIME."

Yes, it's time in more ways than one. While magazine after magazine publishes political whodunits on communism lifted from the collected works of Herr Doktor Goebbels, it's time Americans learned what real Communists are like and what socialism means for America. It's time they saw the face of "free enterprise" in all its savagery and hatefulness. Elizabeth Hawes' book will help them mightily. It would be a public service to issue a popular-priced edition that could reach hundreds of thousands.

## Obsession

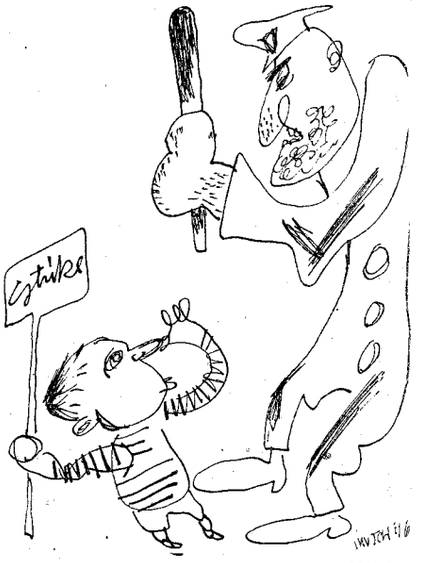
THE TOWER OF BABEL, *by Elias Canetti. Translated by C. V. Wedgewood. Knopf.* $3.50.

"THE TOWER OF BABEL" is dated by its sickly ideology, so characteristic of the literature produced in Berlin and Vienna in the Twenties and early Thirties. The author has style. It is no mere preciousness in handling words, but a style that comes over well in translation, being made up of a keen perception of real detail, a fine erudition and scholarship, the presence felt always of a sharp, thoughtful mind. But rising to this level, it lays itself even more open to questioning, for writers who announce themselves as thinkers must be evaluated for the value and truth of their ideas. Canetti's ideas are those of the diseased society that was to produce a Hitler, and do not so much expose this disease as share it.

The story is of a great scholar who has spent an inherited fortune in building up one of the most magnificent private libraries in existence. He refuses all offers to teach or lecture and remains in his library, aloof from all but the absolutely essential human dealings, writing theses that are immediately accepted by the entire scholarly world as awe-inspiring revelations. But he cannot cut himself off from the world with impunity, and disturbances arise. By a sudden rationalized impulse he marries his housekeeper, whom the author describes as a vicious, sexually frustrated moron. To his bewilderment, she is not content to remain a housekeeper, but insists upon her rights as a wife. Resenting his lack of interest in her as a woman, she begins to dominate the house, to disturb the sacred precincts of his library with her vulgar furniture and loud bickering, to try to lay hands on the money she imagines he has hidden away. Failing to get possession of the remnants of his fortune, she drives him out of the house.

The second section of the book finds the hero, Peter Kien, wandering about the city streets, obsessed with hatred for women and with fears for his library, which represents so great a summation of human knowledge, and by its very existence, so great a contribution to it. His mind is completely unhinged. He acquires a servant in a cafe which is a front for a brothel, a hunchback called Fischerle, who, like all of Canetti's common people, is a pervert, thief and murderer. Fischerle humors his master's madness while prying his money out of him. Finally in the third section of the book, Kien's identity is discovered. He is brought home and his brother, a famous psychiatrist, arrives to cure him. But the cure is a failure, and after the psychiatrist departs, thinking his work accomplished, Kien is still obsessed by hatred for his wife and the belief that he has murdered her. Setting fire to his house to destroy the fancied evidence, he dies in the midst of his books. An old dream that had always haunted him, of the burning of books that were more real than people, comes true.

This outline cannot give much indication of the content of the novel, yet it may serve to show the contradiction which makes the book fail as a work of art. For the theme at the outset is a comic one—the stock comic theme of the professor wrapped up in his books which has served literature for centuries. The treatment at the



Mutch.

beginning, with its mild irony, preserves this comic flavor. But as the book progresses it turns tragic, and in a way that does not bring reality into the picture but departs further from it. The point can be made better by drawing a parallel with *Don Quixote* which has many points of resemblance to this story. For like Peter Kien, Cervantes' Don goes mad from filling the mind too much with books, like Kien he wanders about the world transforming everything he sees into figment of his deranged imagination, like Kien he acquires a man-servant from the "common people."

Cervantes' greatness was that he preserved his balance between reality and fantasy. The Don's madness was a touchstone to expose the hypocritical morality of his time, but the madness itself was not upheld as having any worthwhile values of its own. The common people were not idealized but truthfully seen. Sancho Panza was sometimes ludicrous in his hard bitten practicality, but often turned the tables on those who mocked him and at the end spoke the best social sense of the book.

This balance Canetti completely lacks, for the world he presents as reality is as much a perversion as the world of his insane hero. Never, since the unlamented *World's Illusion* of Jacob Wasserman, have so many pimps, prostitutes, murderers, thieves and addicts to vice passed through the pages of a book as the "masses," and the "real world." If the burning of the books symbolizes a destruction of culture, never is it even suggested that the guilt lies at the door of a monopolistic, anarchistic control of produc-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on and of people's livelihood, with s perversion of politics and of social orality. The "enemy" of the au-or's hero and of culture is the ig-orance of the masses, which is of ourse their own fault and leads them to vice. The world of the poor erges into the underworld, and the uthor wallows in pictures of crime ith the lofty sadism of a medieval med knight slashing at the unpro-cted serfs.

Thus, having so distorted a con-pt of reality, the author is able to se at the end to a defense of mad-ess. Is not insanity excusable, he asks, reality is so ignoble? Are there not nly a few minds in each generation hich rise above the animal-like ma-rialism of the people? Is not de-ngement itself, the refusal to accept eality, in a person of intelligence, othing more than a pure life of the ind? Is not a healthy adjustment im-ossible, since it means the acceptance f values which a man of sensitive ind cannot accept?

Such praise of madness is itself mad-ess, though it is widespread enough n some intellectual circles to be ac-epted as "philosophy." This novel vill undoubtedly find its defenders and heer-leaders. But despite the cul-ured traditions and seriousness of its vriting, its flimsy grasp of reality pre-ents it from rising to the status of a vork of art. Its comedy is too heavy, ke a sledgehammer aimed at a fly. ts tragedy is never tragedy, but a elf-pitying melancholy. It lacks the asic honesty which caused other writ-rs, afflicted with a similar fear of the vorld, to portray only their own vasteland, and to refrain from attack-ng the rest of humanity.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

## Not-so-hardy Annual

BEST FILM PLAYS OF 1945. *Edited by John Gassner and Dudley Nichols.* Crown. $3.

JOHN GASSNER, film critic, and Dud-ley Nichols, screenwriter, have been ublishing annual volumes of best creenplays, in the "possibly quixotic ttempt to distill the literature of the creen—or some notable part of it." In distilling the literature of the screen, he authors, two of our most mature commentators on the film, have no llusions about the final quality of this iterature. They point out that for ome years the level of the movies may be so low as to make these annuals scarcely worth publishing. In the pref-ace to the latest such volume, Dudley Nichols writes as damning an indict-ment of Hollywood as you are likely to encounter anywhere from someone working within the industry. The film industry, Nichols observes, sacrifices humanity, civilization, for the god of efficiency in production It "is a machine for producing standardized pictures in bulk . . . which has but one aim . . . to eliminate human feeling."

To achieve standardized prod-ucts, all verisimilitude must be ruled out, all connotations of maturity and meaning suppressed.

Why, then, an annual of the best film plays? To have a record of the screen's best work, of the literary form that distinguishes film writing from all other types of writing, say the authors. Gassner also believes that "the speed of the film's impression can be arrested in print to some advantage."

A reading of a number of film plays in these volumes makes one feel that the value of such a record is most dubious. I say this even for selections which represent one of the most fruit-ful periods (1944-45) that Holly-wood has known, during which were produced *Lost Weekend, Double In-demnity, G.I. Joe, The Southerner, Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, Over Twenty-One, Ox-Bow Incident, Casablanca, Watch On the Rhine, Dragon Seed, More the Merrier,* to mention only those included in the an-nuals. Yet even among these screen aristocrats, the published scenario re-veals the characteristic defects of the Hollywood movie: (1) the unrelated wisecrack, the do-or-die gag, instead of the natural, genuine, relevant and full-bodied humor that flows out of searching character analysis, true re-lationships among people and plausible situations; (2) loose plot construction, and (3) ungathered story ends. In fact, without the visual magic of the motion picture these errors become even more pronounced.

Furthermore, I do not believe that a reader can reexamine the value of a film by reading its printed scenario. It is true that the speed of a film often makes a complete estimate of it diffi-cult after only one sitting, but reading the scenario of the film hardly helps to recapture the experience. I recall that *My Man Godfrey,* for instance, was an amusing movie, with a thin touch of social satire. Reading the script is an unrelieved bore. Hitchcock's *Spellbound* had some tense climaxes,


SERGEI EISENSTEIN'S
IVAN
The TERRIBLE
Music by PROKOFIEFF
ARTKINO PRESENTATION PRODUCED IN U.S.S.R.
Stanley 7th AVE. bet. 42 & 41 STS.
DOORS OPEN 8:45 A.M.

The thrilling stroy of the Ten Days that shook the World.
"LENIN IN OCTOBER"
BORIS SHUKIN as LENIN
Also JEAN RENOIR'S
"MARSEILLAISE"
IRVING PLACE IRVING PL. at 15th St.

People's Songs, Inc.
presents
The Midnight Special at Town Hall
SPIRITUALS AT MIDNIGHT
A battle of music
WITH
COLEMAN BROTHERS
RELIABLE JUBILEE SINGERS
CHICAGO CRUSADERS
EXTRA**—TWO GOSPEL KEYS
TOWN HALL
March 15, 11:30 p.m.
Tickets: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00
at Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St. and People's Songs, Inc., 235 East 11th St.
Mail Orders Accepted
Ballads at Midnight, April 19
Mountain Frolic at Midnight, May 17

The AMERICAN-SOVIET MUSIC SOCIETY
PRESENTS
SONGS OF TWO LANDS
Choral and Folk Music of the USA and USSR
TOWN HALL
Sunday evening, March 16, 1947
8:30 P.M.
Tickets will be available at Box Office
123 West 43rd Street or
American-Soviet Music Society
114 East 32nd Street
MUrray Hill 3-2087—Ext. 21

THERE IS ONLY ONE
RUSSIAN SKAZKA
RESTAURANT
227 WEST 46th ST. • CI 6-7957





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Woodlands

PHOENICIA, N. Y.
Reopening for EASTER
April 4th thru 13th
Sound Movies, Wonderful Hiking,
Good Eating, Complete Relaxation.
Manager, SIGGIE GOLDNER
N. Y. phone: BOulevard 8-1461

plum point
vacation fun, year-round
on the majestic Hudson
• seasonal sports
• delicious food
• gay informality
85 MILES FROM NYC • NEW WINDSOR, NY • NEWBURGH 4270

50 miles from New York
Mamanasco LAKE LODGE

A resort of distinction fashioned from a magnificent private estate. All winter sports, Skating on 1½ mile lake, bicycles, ping pong. Roaring fireplaces. Excellent book and musical libraries. Famous cuisine.
Phone: Ridgefield 820

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

MEN RELAX — KEEP FIT!
Special Yearly Gym Course $135.00
Special For Boys
Boxing Scientifically Taught
WOMEN—Mon-Wed-Fri 10 a.m.-9 p.m.
Special Short Courses
GOODWIN'S GYM
1457 Broadway (42nd St.) WI. 7-8250

Give one of these pamphlets to your "liberal" friend who thinks Stepinac is a martyr—and watch him change his mind—

Those Responsible for the Second World War

(The true uncensored story of the Vatican intrigues in the Balkans which led to two World Wars.)

25¢ per copy • 5 copies for $1

AGORA PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. A56NT
120 Liberty St. • N. Y. 6, N. Y.

THE SECOND POLITICAL WORKSHOP
WOMENS DIVISION PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF AMERICA
Tuesday and Friday Mornings
March 4—28
Carnegie Chamber Music Hall
154 West 57th St., New York City
(Call MU. 3-5580)
Take part in working demonstrations, delegations, opinion polls, committee hearings. Find out how you can get action through government in what you believe.

but these are completely absent in the literary form. In short, the book presentation of these film plays washes out not only the most potent quality of the movie—its eye appeal—but also the influence of the director, who, when he is a first-rate craftsman, can give the visual art an extra dimension of quality. This is not to say that the director is more important than the writer. As Nichols says, "Show me the superior film and I will show you where the harmony (of writer and director) exists."

To put it another way, my chief criticism of the film annual as a distillation of the movie is that it throws the whole burden of the film upon the spoken word. The movie writer, thinking not only of speech and dramatic usage of material, but also of action in terms of the camera, must bear the camera in mind every second of the time. But to indicate his directions, or those of the director prior to the shooting of a film play, would so cut up the continuity of the narrative as to kill all interest in the lay reader. Thus the scenario in the annual cannot buttre the dialogue with an accurate di scription of the part the camera play It *is* possible to publish a stage play wi only a minimum of direction and st retain the soul of the work. Her again, I do not wish to derogate th importance of the film writer, bu only the overstressed importance the dialogue. Such silent films as *Po emkin, Ten Days That Shook th World, Kameradschaft, Sunrise, Th Crowd, J'Accuse*, were as much product of the writer as talkies lik *The Informer, The Baker's Wife, M Girl No. 217 and Love on the Dole.*

There are "pure" esthetes wh argue that the introduction of sound—of dialogue, that is—has ruined th movie as an art form. I hold with n such refined lucubrations. Talking as normal to human behavior as pan tomime, if not more so. But dialogu in the movie has little value apart fror the moving visual image. It has eve less when it becomes the major, prac tically the only, aspect of the film.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

# "CRAIG'S WIFE"

I DON'T suppose George Kelly intended it as such, but what *Craig's Wife*, revived after some twenty-odd years, comes to is a study of one of the end-products of capitalist acquisitiveness, one of the casualties in the upper brackets. Mrs. Craig is the female counterpart of a more familiar figure, the obsessed businessman whose fetishistic absorption in money finally brings ruin down upon his own house, too.

For Mrs. Craig it is the "perfect home" that is the fetish. Every piece of bric-a-brac in it and every housekeeping ritual in its ceremonious day becomes a means to her for imposing her ever more possessive will. She succeeds, finally, in making the perfect home unlivable to everybody else and then, to her horror, to herself as well.

In its day this revelation was startling—enough to win it the laurel of a Pulitzer Prize. Even today it retains some small value as a portrayal of one of the pathologies of bourgeois parasitism. Despite this, however, and despite playmaking that has the feel of an expert hand, *Craig's Wife* today seems dated. But not, as some reviewers have suggested, because its principal character, as a type, has by now become a literary staple. If that coul date a play there would be no classics *Craig's Wife* has become dated becaus general social and psychological un derstanding has got ahead of the Mr Kelly of twenty-odd years ago.

For *Craig's Wife* to last beyon the vanished "House and Garden" decade which it satirized, its socia comment would have to penetrat deeper and include more of life tha it does. It sees Mrs. Craig's obsessio too entirely as a personality flaw. So cial conditioning is allotted no par in it whatever. Mrs. Craig is merel a fatal affliction upon a group of nic people who include her potential bank president husband, a coupon-clipping aunt, who is generous enough to de fer a world cruise to give some famil help, a coupon-clipping widow with rattled brain but a kind heart wh grows seasonal wastes of flowers; and a niece who is evaluating love and money as the essentials in marriage and is giving the decision to love. In her position in even this narrow circle Mrs. Craig is as abstracted from so cial relations as a symbolist's *fleur de mal.*

The play falls equally far short psychologically. To keep the operations



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this obsessed creature dramatic, Mrs. Craig must not appear pitiful till the last stretch of the last act, when pity can function as the catharsis for which Mr. Kelly's plot elaborately prepares. That may have succeeded twenty-odd years ago, but it fails today. The general awareness of psycho-pathology in our time identifies her as a psychotic from the moment she steps on the stage. The pity arrives too soon and is turned too quickly into clinical rather than emotional interest.

Performances are generally good. That of Judith Evelyn as Mrs. Craig is self-defeatingly effective in its hardness. It is difficult to believe that such a hard woman could have so long had her obvious and hard way with a man so romantic, yet solid, as her husband. Toward the end, however, portraying herself as her own doomed victim, Miss Evelyn's performance gains considerably in emotional conviction.

IT SEEMS to me that Donald Wolfit's company of Shakespearean players has been too harshly dealt with in our press. It is understandable that disappointment would be deep after the expectations in regard to English playing companies raised by the incomparable Old Vic. But this does not justify the savagery of the reviewers.

Judging by *King Lear*, the only production I have seen at this writing, Mr. Wolfit himself is an actor of large talent. His supporting cast falls variously below his stature. What we have is a company comparable to Fritz Lieber's Shakespearean troupe. But are we so surfeited, theatrically, that we can afford to be off-hand with a fair company of players who make accessible to us classics that otherwise we would not see?

As for *King Lear* itself, it is one of Shakespeare's poorer pieces of play construction, though one of his best pieces of sustained poetry. The latter, unfortunately, did not come through as it should both because of the unfamiliar British accent—to which it takes the American ear some minutes to attune itself—and the overacting, which jolted too much of the speech into sputtering.

But what chiefly makes *King Lear* unsatisfactory as drama is that it projects emotions that no longer have the power to move us. These emotions flow from social relations that have become archaisms in the West and are rapidly becoming archaisms in the East as well. In the medieval family, with its surviving patriarchal character in the nobility, the awesome authority of the king-father compels a superstitious love and an irrational obedience that appear abnormalities to us today. Similarly, in the feudal relations of liege and retainers the cutting-down of Lear's retinue of a hundred followers, functioning solely as emblems of station, may have had a tragic weight of humiliation, but it is hard to respond to it today. And the dog-like feudal devotion of the presumably sound-minded Kent to his daft and arbitrary lord seems stupid rather than glorious.

The world does move. With social change certain emotions, never rational to begin with, move out of the range of credibility. And classics expressing such emotions inevitably age. There are, of course, flashes here of great insight; and the central situation can illustrate, as other classics do, a basic pattern of psychological abnormality. But when this is no longer inwoven into the social pattern, its emotions are no longer generally communicable. *King Lear* survives primarily as a great archaic poem.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

# ART

AN EXHIBIT at the ACA gallery called "Social Art Today" was important enough in its implications to run more than its allotted two-week journey. It could have achieved fuller press and public attention. Herman Baron stated in the foreword to the catalogue: "The ACA held regular exhibitions on social themes from 1932 until Pearl Harbor. After that the war effort absorbed all social thinking. The struggle to win the peace, however, is not achieving the hoped-for unity. The gallery is therefore contemplating a series of exhibitions which will give artists an opportunity to be heard. This show is in the nature of a roll-call."

The term "social art" is in need of continual redefining, just as a tool is made more effective by resharpening. That some of our social art in the past did not pass far beyond an illustrative level or was often robbed of its power by violent overstatement Mr. Baron himself implies. Since then, he says, the artists have "broadened their vision; and they have learned some-


OPEN YEAR ROUND

Reasonable Rates

Indoor and Outdoor Sports

SKATING, SKIING, TOBOGANNING
OPEN FIRES, RECORDINGS
ARROWHEAD, Ellenville, N. Y.; Tel. 502

GOING TO LAKEWOOD?
VISIT THE
JEFFERSON HOTEL
'A Winter Home Among the Pines'
• FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE
• ALL WINTER SPORTS NEARBY
• LOW RATES FOR MARCH
124 Third Street • Lakewood
Call New York Office: LO 5-0243

BEACON, N. Y. BEACON 731
Everything for the perfect Winter Vacation
Skiing - Tobogganing - skating
plus
CASS CARR'S BAND
Every Saturday Night
Accomodations Limited
Reserve Now!

HOTEL ALLABEN
Jack Schwartz, Prop.
SPECIAL PLANNED PROGRAMS FOR ENTIRE WEEK OF PASSOVER FEATURING NOTED ARTISTS
Make Your Reservations Now for Passover Holidays
501 Monmouth Ave., Lakewood, N. J.
LAkewood 6-0819, 6-1222

RESORTS

RESTFUL VACATION AT HEALTH REST, VEGETARIAN. Delicious food, comfortable rooms, baths. Spring Valley N. Y. Phone Nanuet 2316.

VINEYARD LODGE

Charming modern farm hotel, 200 acres—unusually beautiful country, seasonal sport, new tile showers, wood burning fireplace, well balanced American Jewish meals. Adults only. Open all year. Vineyard Lodge, Ulster Park, New York. Kingston 659 J2.

CAMP FOR CHILDREN

CAMP WAYWAYANDA—For young folks 3-9 years. 3 hours from N. Y. in the Berkshires. Professional staff, small groups, private lake. Creative activities including gardening and care of animals. $425 per season. Write Waywayanda P. O., Copake Falls, N. Y. New York phone MU 2-4232.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NEW MASSES

## Classified Advertisements

50¢ a line. Payable in advance. Min. charge $1.50. Approx. 7 words to a line. Deadline, Fri., 4 p.m.

RoKo GALLERY RoKo FRAMES

PAINTINGS — PRINTS — SCULPTURE
Expert framing at reasonable prices
51 Greenwich Ave. (east of 7th Ave. & 11 St.)

PSYCHOLOGY

"PSYCHOLOGY in Political Work"—stimulating, down-to-earth pamphlet, 10c postpaid. Lawrence Barth, 58 Morton St., N. Y. C. 14.

W. E. B. DU BOIS LETTERS?

Herbert Aptheker is engaged in editing the letters and papers of William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. Will those having such material please communicate? H. Aptheker, 1015 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn 25, N. Y.

STENOTYPE REPORTING

Stenotype reporter, vet—conventions, meetings, legal and labor proceedings. Notary Harry Birnbaum, Tel. OL 2-5827.

INSURANCE

LEON BENOFF, serving a satisfied clientele since 1919, with every kind of insurance, including LIFE INSURANCE, 391 East 149th St., N. Y. Call Me. 5-0984.

INSURANCE

CARL BRODSKY—Automobile, fire, life liability, burglary, plate glass, surety bonds compensation etc. Any kind of insurance, 799 Broadway, New York City. Tel. GRamercy 5-3826.

EYE CARE

EUGENE STEIN, Optometrist—Eye examinations—Glasses Fitted—Visual Training. Room 507, 13 Astor Place (140 East 8th St.), NY 3 GRamercy 7-0930.

WATCH & CLOCK REPAIRS

Reliable watch and clock repairing. Prompt attention to mail orders. Eckert, 220 8th Ave. (near 22nd), New York 11.

RADIO REPAIRS

Without paying high prices. Itemized estimates given before work is started. Call N. Walkind, HA. 6-0719, evenings.

PIANO TUNING

Piano tuning, repairing, tone restoring and reconditioning. Pianos bought & sold. Ralph J. Appleton. 595 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Tel. DI. 6-5777, after 6 P.M.

TYPEWRITER CO.

Typewriters, mimeos, adders, office machines repaired. Buy, sell, exchange. Monthly service 100% union. Vets. A & B Typewriter—631 Melrose—JE 8-1604.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Interesting work and opportunity to gain experience. Typists, stenographers, or general office workers. Full or part time with progressive magazine. Call Gr. 3-5146 ex. 15.

BOOKKEEPER—PART TIME

Experienced and reliable bookkeeper now working for progressive organization wants several evenings and/or Saturday work. Call GR 3-5146—Ext. 14.

NOTARY PUBLIC—STENOGRAPHER

All kinds of work well done—organizational, legal documents and manuscripts. Phone NEvins 8-3743, Saturdays all day and evenings from 7 til 10 P.M.

APT WANTED

Veteran WAVE in need of small downtown apartment fears it is hopeless but refuses to be a defeatist. Write Box 60, NM.


thing else: that whatever the idea or moral they may try to convey, they must integrate it into an esthetic concept that widens the horizon of human experience." It is only fair to point out that Mr. Baron has tried to broaden his own concept by sponsoring such artists as Burliuk, Kopman, Gwathmey and Garrett. I feel he has not gone far enough. There are many painters whose works express a deep-rooted sympathy with the aspirations of the people, with their environment, their needs and conflicts who should have at least been occasionally included in ACA group shows. It is true several artists from other galleries were drawn upon for this show. Since this is the first in a series of similar exhibitions we confidently hope Mr. Baron will achieve the broad scope necessary to make social art felt as a living tradition, not as a group phenomenon.

As for the show itself, the first gallery achieved the greater impact. The new Gwathmey "Poll-tax County" was one of his finest canvases, sharp in point, broadly designed and full of unusual color patterns. The latter almost lent a mardi-gras flavor to the picture, but the crow perched on the speaker's stand enforced the right macabre note. Prestopino in his "Family at Bethlehem" again demonstrated his increasing control over large expressionist forms as well as his feeling for human dignity. Evergood's "New Death" was not too clear a concept of death images. Nevertheless, a row of skulls was painted in his best manner. Joseph Hirsch's "Telephoners" was a better example than anything in his recent show. I think it carried better by not being too meticulously defined. The Jack Levine was a mere sketch. This painter begins to warm up only after much paint texture has adorned his canvas.

In the larger gallery there was an uneven assortment. The Sternberg allegory was a somewhat inflated work. The Fasanella, called "Pie in the Sky," obtained a brash, unexpected power through his direct, uninhibited forms, and for social drive was an eye-opener. Siporin's gouache was overstylized and foggy in tone. Mervin Jules, Reisman and Tromka were represented by routine examples. I am not so sure that Tromka is more social a painter than several dozen others who could be mentioned. Jacob Lawrence's "Cabinet Makers" showed again that unusual combination in his work of an intense color sense and a severely stylized patterning. Though always arresting, his work sometimes lacks integration and balance of these two prime qualities. Kleinholz's "Saturday Night" was a warm-hearted, genial work, one of the artist's best examples to date. Gropper, off his home grounds of satire, painted a figure more pitiable than tragic for so grave a theme as "De Profundis." Ben Shahn's "Brothers," on the other hand, had a massive, mural quality reminiscent of some of the early Italian masters, yet modern and impressive in its statement. The two sculptors Goodelman and David Smith were well represented, although Smith's late work is far more commanding in character.

It was surprising to find Burliuk among the missing. Also the show could have been helped by two of the most eloquent social works exhibited this season, namely Ben-Zion's "De Profundis" and Anthony Toney's "Four Corners." Had the joint galleries of the ACA been used for the occasion, pointed works could easily have been selected from Tamayo, Harari, Knaths, Lehman, Lewis Daniel and a number of other men. In these days of a dizzy occultism in art we must learn to broaden the sphere within which the social theme may operate. We must recognize and encourage works of art expressing more than one level of social consciousness.

A WAVE of romantics has just engulfed the exhibiting arena. Romanticism is a wide field, touching Rembrandt's great humanitarian art at one point and Turner's sea melodramas at the other. It offers a broad explorative field for the painter. Today's romantic, however, seems more remote and forlorn than the tragic rebel of a century ago. Time has dulled some of the original mystic power possible to the visionary. Besides, our alarmed universe no longer allows man to isolate himself for so long a time with nature as in the old Barbizon or Hudson River School days. If the romantic does not, like Rouault, come to grips with some significant human concept or does not weld his forms with the terse, straightforward expressionism of our period, he stands in danger of becoming an anachronism or of cloaking himself in self-pity.

Gerrit Hondius exploits with genuine feeling many of the romantic's themes: the mystery of nature in the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sea," a tender human sympathy in "The Homeless," scenes of fishing villages and a play of masks, circus and harlequins reminiscent of the *Commedia delle Art* decors.

The fisherman's life is the constant theme of Sol Wilson, who has changed his palette from gray to deep blues and reds with more satisfying color results. There is also a stronger feeling for the density of pigment. However, a prevailing textural sketchiness in some of the paintings tends to retard rather than heighten the vividness intended. A canvas of a fisherman's family on the beach has a quiet strength, and one called "Sails" was richest in paint quality.

At the Egan Gallery Lou Harris, too, skirts the romantic field. He has forsaken some of the fine, nostalgic Brooklyn scenes and concentrated on the female figure surrounded by vague, dreamy landscapes. A receding figure with children and balloons in the background furnished his most poetic concept.

Nicholas Vasilieff combines large forms and casual distortions with the intimate feeling of early American still-lives. It is his color and fine paint quality that gives substance to these quaint vases and sloping table-tops. At the Bertha Schaefer through March 22.

Another colorist, and an extremely distinguished one, is Sigmund Menkes at the AAA Galleries, where he is displaying a twenty-year retrospective. While studio still-lives and figures make up a large part of his work he imparts to these subjects an opulence characteristic of the sensuous romantic. Two versions of a theme called "Repose" were the high spots among the figure pieces, lyrically akin to certain Rouaults. It was gratifying to see Menkes paint with both richness and conviction such social themes as "The Trial," one of his most ambitious ventures in the show. One wonders why he has not chosen to exhibit this strong side of his talent before.

To see romanticism at its worst one might stop by at Darrell Austin's exhibit at the Perls Gallery. His idea of distortion is making a lion's head three times larger than its body and his idea of color is slashing white paint streaks over blue-black backgrounds purporting to be moonlit landscapes. I wonder if the Modern Museum feels awkward about having once sponsored such adolescent behavior.

JOSEPH SOLMAN.


As a great Soviet Journalist sees the Balkans

*Ilya Ehrenburg's*

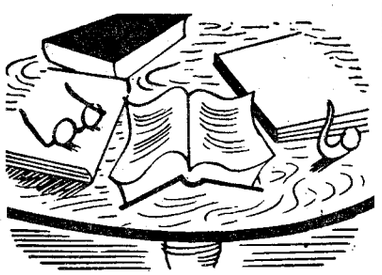
**EUROPEAN CROSSROAD**

*By the Author of The Fall of Paris*

In this small but significant book, the best-known Soviet journalist boldly sets down his reactions to a post-war journey through the Balkans. It is a report of havoc; an arraignment of surviving Fascism; and a hopeful glimpse into a future where new forces, guided by the Russian model, are building, as Ehrenburg sees it, toward a better world.

This is a Borzoi Book, on sale at all bookshops for $2.00 and published in New York by ALFRED A. KNOPF.





| | List Price | Combination Price |
|---|---|---|
| SIN AND SCIENCE *by Dyson Carter* | $2.50 | $7.75 |
| MIRROR OF THE PAST *by K. Zilliacus* | 3.75 | 8.75 |
| THUNDER OUT OF CHINA *Theodore H. White & Annalee Jacoby* | 3.00 | 8.25 |
| THE OLD COUNTRY *by Sholem Aleichem* | 3.00 | 8.25 |
| A STAR POINTED NORTH *Edmund Fuller* | 2.75 | 8.00 |
| BETRAYAL in the PHILIPPINES *Hernando Abaya* | 3.00 | 8.25 |
| CLODS OF SOUTHERN EARTH *Don West* | 2.50 | 7.75 |

**ONE YEAR**

**of**

**new masses**

**COMBINED WITH ONE OF THESE BOOKS . . .**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ON THESE I STAND *Countee Cullen* | 2.50 | 7.25 |
| THE NEGRO PEOPLE IN AMERICA *Herbert Aptheker* | 1.25 | 7.00 |
| NEW DATA FOR LENIN'S IMPERIALISM *Edited by E. Varga & L. Mendelsohn* | 2.50 | 7.75 |
| SON OF THE PEOPLE *Maurice Thorez* | 2.00 | 7.25 |
| THE PROBLEM OF INDIA *R. Palme Dutt* | 2.00 | 7.25 |
| THE JUNGLE *Upton Sinclair* | 2.50 | 7.75 |

NEW MASSES
104 East 9th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take advantage of your combination offer. Enclosed find $----------

Please send the book indicated to:

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- Zone ----------

State ----------

Add 50c for Canadian; $1 for Foreign Postage




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • N
MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MAS
ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCT
NEW MASSES ART AUCTI NEW MASSES ART AU
N • NEW MASSES ART N • NEW MASSES A
AUCTION • NEW MASSI AUCTION • NEW M
S ART AUCTION • NEW S ART AUCTION • N
MASSES ART AUCTION • MASSES ART AUCTION

# 8TH ANNUAL new masses art auction

## SUNDAY, MARCH 9th

from 2 P.M.

One of the most important art events of the year—

**AMERICA'S FOREMOST ARTISTS**

are represented with

OILS - GOUACHES - ETCHINGS - SILK SCREENS
WATER COLORS - DRAWINGS - OTHER MEDIA

PERMANENT AUCTION COMMITTEE

Alexander Brook
David Burliuk
Nikolai Cikovsky
Philip Evergood
Hugo Gellert
William Gropper
Chaim Gross
Rockwell Kent
Anton Refregier
John Sloan
Raphael Soyer
Max Weber

## Exhibition Thru Sat., Mar. 8

# A. C. A. GALLERY

## 61 EAST 57th STREET

NEW MASSES ART AUCTI NEW MASSES ART AU
ON • NEW MASSES ART ON • NEW MASSES A
UCTION • NEW MASSES UCTION • NEW MAS
NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • N
MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MAS
ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTION • NEW MASSES ART AUCTI
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED